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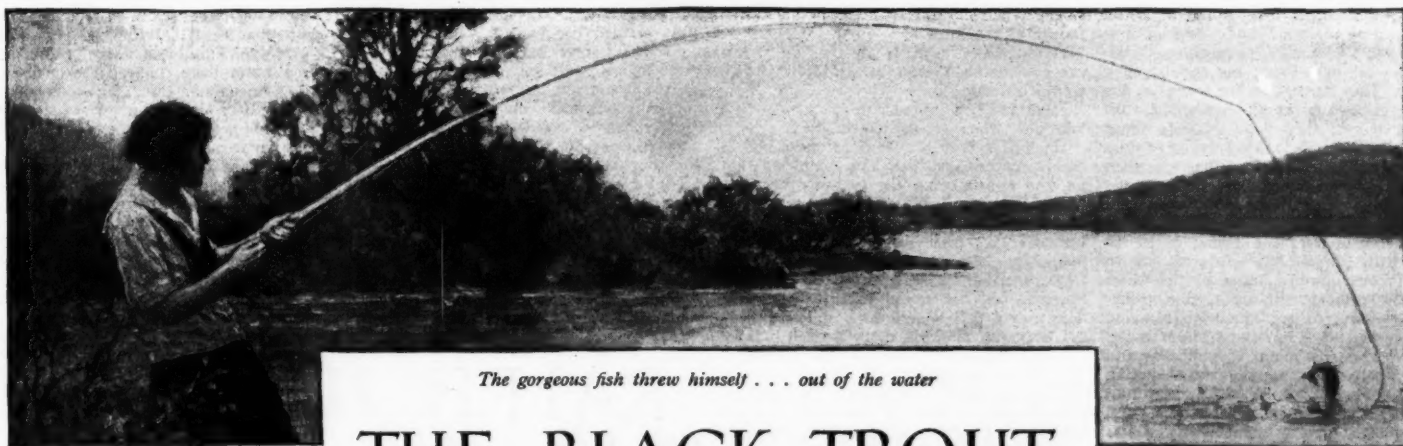
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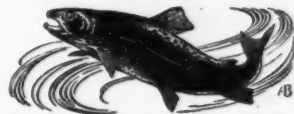
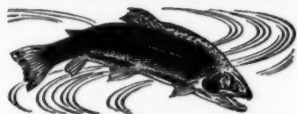
AUGUST 30, 1923



The gorgeous fish threw himself . . . out of the water

THE BLACK TROUT

By James P. Long



WHEN Marj Williams came in from the lake her fish basket was full,—that goes without saying,—but her jaw was set, and she felt rebellious. When a girl has grown up in an atmosphere of Walton, Henshall and Jordan, when her playthings have been fishing tackle, when she has learned to tie artificial flies at the age when most girls are making dolls' clothes, and when her great ambition is to be accepted as a companion and be permitted to go with her father on his constant trips, during which, partly as a naturalist and partly as a fisherman, he studies the ways of American game fish, it is doubly galling to be kept from the first great adventure by the prejudices of a few mere men.

Only that morning Marj's father had taken her to one side and had told her that he could not take her with him on this trip to the "Soo." He had half promised that she should go on the next trip that he took; so when he had named the Sault Ste. Marie with its giant rainbow trout she had shouted with joy. Nights she had dreamed of tumbling white water and plunging fish; days she had read all that she could find about those glorious rainbow trout. Then she would inspect her rod and search for some spot that needed another drop of shellac or another winding of silk to fit it for the fight of its life.

Now the trip was gone—just because her father's companions and especially her father's younger brother Jack drew the line at "taking a girl along." She could see her Uncle Jack through the living-room door, huge and ruddy in his flannels, as attractive a companion as her father, but, oh, so blind to her abilities and her ambitions and so inconsiderate of her feelings! No wonder that the lake had not

soothed her, and that here she was back, still hurt, still angry, but determined not to yield to her feelings and give her uncle a chance to smile tolerantly and think how feminine she was. She found the men in the living room bending over a specimen on a dissecting board and discussing it with all the suppressed excitement of men of science. She sat down in a far corner of the room; this was evidently no time to plead her case. She was tempted to join them, but she imagined the patronizing air of her uncle, and she stayed where she was.

He seemed possessed with the idea that because she was a girl he must speak to her as if she were an infant. As she sat there rigid in her chair, letting her glance run over the well-loved pictures and bookshelves, she could not help hearing the men's conversation.

"On the evidence of the vomerine teeth

alone it plainly is a trout and not a char," said her father, and he spoke positively.

"Vomerine teeth, my aunt! You know and I know that all the native trout in this part of the country are chars, and you know and I know that there have been no browns or rainbows planted in this lake. Even if there had been, that head couldn't have been from one of them. Not with that color; that's black! Either there is truth in the old talk about a race of black trout in this lake, which we both know is impossible, or it is a sport from the regular lake trout, or, what is most likely, your friend Ed is stringing you and shipped this head in from somewhere and carefully kept the rest so that you wouldn't be able to recognize it. Don't let him draw you like that!"

By now Marj was on her feet coming to look over their shoulders. All her life she

had heard the old fishermen talk of the black trout, and she at least was confident that, if old Ed Walters had said the specimen came from the lake, that was where it came from.

Her father evidently agreed with her. "There is no question of deceit in this case. I wish, though, that the old man had thought about me before he ate the fish. As for its being a lake trout, I will stick to the decision of the teeth. If only the color varied I should think nothing of it, but when color and teeth and relative size of eye all vary it means a new species to me. It looks like a brown trout, but if I find you are right in thinking that browns have never been stocked here we surely have something new."

"Bosh!"

"Don't forget, Jack, that Sunapee Lake had been fished for a hundred years before anyone knew that the saibling was there, and that that is not the only case of the sort. We know that there is some strange kind of fish here because fishermen have been taking them in small numbers for years; only accident has kept me from seeing specimens. Now that we know where they have been caught, it is safe to assume that they are still feeding there. I am going to let the Soo trip go till I can get one."

"All right, all right! 'Whom the gods would destroy' and all that sort of thing. But don't cancel your reservations. Your friend Walters was positive that all the black trout that had been taken were caught between the Connelly place and the head, and his came from the deep hole. If there is such a fish there and it can be caught, I'll get you one tomorrow."

After supper Marj slipped out and hurried to the Connelly place. When she had fought her way through head-high sweet clover that was white

"We know that there is some strange kind of fish here"



DRAWINGS BY A. O. SCOTT

with bloom and spangled yellow with bees she threw herself on the red-brown mat of willow roots at the edge of the water and peered out into the brown water toward the peaty bottom of the deep hole.

Like other glacial lakes, the lake is deep at the middle and grows shallower toward both extremities till at last it ends in a marsh. The Connelly place is near enough the head so that the water about it is shallow except at one point. There an unexplained deep spot runs from the very tip of the point halfway across the lake. It is a favorite spot with fishermen, because its hundred-foot depth of cool water makes it a popular place for game fish in the heat of the day.

Over the brownish expanse danced fleets of insects—great green dragon flies at which the carp among the weeds farther along toward the head leaped playfully till there was a constant churning; squat white-bodied dragon flies that poised before Marj's eyes and then with wings invisible in their speed vanished; mosquitoes that pestered her till her mosquito-toughened body was all one great fidget; and finally, tremendously outnumbering all the others, the egg-dropping May flies. They perched on the trunks of the willows till they were all a-shimmer with glistening wings; they flew aimlessly about and dimpled the water as they poised to drop their eggs, and finally they died in such numbers that the margin of the lake was edged with a little drift of their bodies cast there by the idling waves.

All the bodies were not wasted. With the setting of the sun the fish were gathering to the feast; out on the surface of the water there was a constant stir. Those tiny, spike-like projections cruising about and leaving little wavering wakes on the surface of the deep hole were the spines of bullheads and showed where their owners were gorging themselves. That heavy splash, the slap and the ring of ripples at the edge of the pond lilies told of a hungry bass. Finally in the open straight out in the deep hole was a dimpling that she could not understand. With it was no splash, only a slight disturbance, hardly enough to mar the mirroring of the swamp elms at the head. "Minnows," thought Marj, but she knew she was wrong, because the blunt dark projecting snout of the fish proclaimed something larger. She leaned on her elbows and stared. She turned over in her mind everything she had ever learned about the lake fish, and then came the answer. Unless she was wrong, she was learning something concerning the feeding habits of the black trout that her uncle with all his boasted masculine superiority did not know!

But if there were as many black trout as that, why weren't more caught? She sniffed at the idea that they were uncatchable. Anything that feeds can be caught! It is for the fisherman to devise the way to tempt them. She had done that herself with other fish, and she knew that the way to success lay through observation. She settled down in a comfortable position and gazed at the rings that showed where the trout were feeding—a ring to a swallowed May fly; and so many were the rings that the water looked as it looks when the first big drops of a summer storm are falling on it. There was little that she could learn. No fish were feeding near her but the bass, the saugers and the bullheads, all old friends. The trout, if trout they were, were feeding in a half circle, which her knowledge of the bottom told her was over the edge of the drop-off where the deep water began; they were just beyond casting range from shore.

As suddenly as she had noticed them they disappeared. An instant later a faint knock of wood on wood drew her attention to the tip of the point. Her uncle was coming in a canoe. She chuckled. If the fish were so shy that they stopped feeding at that distant alarm, there was little chance of his catching any of them. Then her forehead wrinkled. But if they were as boat shy as that and were beyond casting range from shore, how could they be caught?

Presently her uncle was satisfied with his position and Marj was treated to an exhibition of the skill at fly casting that had earned him his place in the society of true fishermen. Hurt as she was at his treatment of her, she could not but admire the steady and graceful wrist that with nonchalant false casts dried the bits of feather and tinsel after each cast and the skill with which the dropping flies fell always just where a fish had disturbed the water the moment before. Admire his skill as she did, she still was

pleased at his lack of success and laughed at the scorn with which he detached the more plebeian fish that insisted on hooking themselves. When darkness came and he stopped casting she relaxed and for the first time realized how tense she had been lying and how much she had been hoping that he would fail.

She went back with the delightful knowledge that his method was wrong and that he would continue to fail so long as he did not observe and study the fish. If this new fish had been catchable by ordinary means, he would be no mystery. Now she—and Marj ran over in her mind what she had learned. The fish were so boat shy that it would be accidental if you caught one from a boat. On the other hand they fed beyond casting range of the shore. There must be some way of getting the hook to them. Marj began to form a plan, and she chuckled over the femininity of its essential part. Uncle Jack would deserve to be beaten by such a method—if it would work.

The next noon after the men had admitted failure at the morning's fishing Marj asked, "Will you take me with you to the Soo if I can catch a black trout in a girl's way with women's tackle?"

Jack laughed uproariously. "Sure, we'll take you, when—you catch one!"

Her father looked at her curiously, but he nodded at her question. You could see that he was remembering the uncanny way she had of bringing in fish when they were supposedly not biting. Marj said nothing more, but after the meal she hurried out on the porch and tested the wind. It was blowing from the lake. Instantly her haste vanished. She watched her uncle start for the deep hole with a pail of minnows, and she could not resist the confident dig: "No fish today."

"And why not?"
"The wind is wrong."
"You with your superstitions!" He laughed patronizingly.

"Not superstition—feminine intuition."
"Oh! Is that it? Do you know, I thought you were serious." He went off chuckling and left Marj "rubbed the wrong way" and more than ever determined to get the first trout and prove that a girl is not barred by her skirts from being a first-class fisherman.

Paradoxically, she spent the afternoon in the house with her mother, sewing. In the course of the conversation she betrayed an interest in different sorts of threads, and her mother filled her full of information about silk twist, silk floss, surgeon's silk and other light, strong threads.

The next morning Marj was still idle; the wind had not changed. She walked up to town and bought a twenty-foot bamboo pole and spent most of her day tying guides and a reel seat to it. That afternoon the men were still empty-handed, and her father's investigations had not told him where the fish could have come from. The wind began to veer with the lowering of the sun. Marj hurried her preparations, and when the men turned their boats to go to supper she, with her supper already eaten, was forcing her way through the sweet clover to the edge of the shore; the bamboo was on her shoulder, and determination was in her heart.

The wind was now blowing strongly from the point out across the hole, but the high shore protected the water so that there were no waves close in. The May flies were egg dropping, and after she had waited impatiently for nearly half an hour the black noses that she was hoping for began to poke out and suck them in. Slowly so that there should be no sound she raised her pole, strung with the silk floss that her mother had recommended as being the lightest and strongest of the loosely twisted threads, and that Marj had chosen as being the best able to float on the breeze. To it she had tied a single strand of transparent silkworm gut, and to that a trout hook baited with three May flies.

When she released the hook and raised the tip of the pole the line floated cobweb-like on the wind and streamed like a pennant out across the water. Impatiently Marj experimented, working out a little line, dipping the pole to get the line out of the wind, raising it to gain a longer reach, until finally the bait hovered over the ripples where the trout were feeding. Slowly, for the pole was heavy, she raised and lowered the flexible rod tip till her little bunch of May flies began touching the water. She would lift it hastily lest her line become wet and lose its buoyancy; for a few seconds the flies would hover; then they would touch the water again.

So intent was she on the mastery of the method that she was really surprised when a black nose poked out of the water at a spot from which she had just snatched her bait. She held her breath, tightened every muscle and dropped her flies as near the spot as she could. Again the nose poked out. The line began to sink into the water. She waited and then checked its run. The slender pole bent gracefully, and the gossamer line stretched alarmingly.

Suddenly there was a glorious splash, and a gleaming coal-black fish leaped high into the air, shaking its head like a dog shaking a rat. She dipped her rod, frantically giving line lest the pressure of the water on the submerged part would break it. Once the big fish was down, she tightened again, but for a long moment all she could do was dip and raise, dip and raise, as the gorgeous fish threw himself one foot, two feet, three feet out of the water, scarcely encumbered by the gossamer line, but spurred by the prick of the hook in his jaw. When the first wild flurry was over he stayed mostly in the water and sounded deeply and yet more deeply while Marj, pole butt jammed against her stomach, managed the unwieldy rod as best she could and did her best to spare her line and keep it from having any slack.

Since her line was so dainty the fight was long. Marj's shoulders were quivering with the weight of the top-heavy pole and the need for such delicate handling. She began to fear that she had tried too much. One twitch on the pole would release the fish and end her exertion, but she would have died first!

Long before the fish had begun to tire she realized that her father and her uncle had landed beside her. She was aware as if from

a great distance that her uncle had started to take the pole when a tremendous somersaulting leap of the fish had revealed that it was a black trout that she was playing, but her father had stopped him. "Let her be, Jack. She is a better man than you are at this game; I am beginning to think that she is better than anybody I have ever fished with."

As the fight went on both men shouted advice, but Marj could pay no attention. Her brain was as busy as her hands. There was no room for any change of plan, and it was just as well. The rushes of the fish grew slower. She began to force the fight, and finally she drew him unresistingly over her father's net. Then she sat down and panted. It mattered nothing to her that she was forgotten in the hasty conference over the fish. She had "made good"; she would have her trip after all!

When the conference was ended her father sat beside her and held the black beauty with its still blacker spots on his two palms before her. "It is a brown trout," he said. "I learned tonight that they were planted here years ago. This black peaty bottom and the deep water have changed the color—not at all an uncommon thing. So we haven't a new species after all. Tomorrow we start for the Soo, and you will come along. You have certainly earned it!"

Just then Jack looked up from the shore where he had been examining her outfit. "I've got you," he shouted; "feminine tackle is right!" His jovial chuckle was for Marj as well as for her father. "Look, Charley, she has stolen some of her mother's thread! I give in. Let's take her to the Soo, give her a sewing basket and then stand back and watch the fish come flopping out!"

RALPH ILLINSON

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

Drawings by EMLEN MCCONNELL



Chapter Five Sneed tries to get even

THE day after Ralph had telephoned to the brewery he was surprised and pleased to find that Jim Sneed omitted his usual morning visit to the Woodburys' vegetable garden. He talked with Phil Allen about the matter when they walked home together that noon.

"Maybe the manager took what you said and fired him after all," remarked Phil.

"I guess it's just that he's been given a new route," answered Ralph. "I hope it's permanent."

"If you succeed in getting him fired, how he will lay for you!" Phil seemed loath to abandon a theory that contained such attractive possibilities.

"He'd never know I did it," Ralph said uneasily.

"He'd suspect mighty quick. Suppose the manager said to him, 'I hear you're raiding gardens up on the hill,' and he says, 'I'm not; who told you?'—which is probably what he would say,—and then the manager says, 'A fellow called me on the telephone and told me but wouldn't give his name,'—say, don't you think Sneed would be on pretty quick? Your not giving your name and thinking you'd be safe for that reason—it makes me laugh."

"Huh!" Ralph strove to show indifference and disdain. "You talk as if you thought Sneed had brains. He's just a big boob; he'd never think."

"Maybe he uses his head more than some fellows that think they're smart," Phil answered unsympathetically. "It'll be a mighty lucky thing for you if you didn't get him fired."

"You have queer ideas about luck for other people," retorted Ralph. "I can tell when I'm lucky without your help."

"You'll need help all right if you find you're out of luck," said Phil with a chuckle.

Ralph reflected that there were some days when his friend rubbed him the wrong way. He did not choose to engage in further argument with Phil, and when Phil told him with a certain satisfaction that this was the day when Mr. Whitney and his family were leaving the house for the summer, Ralph swallowed his indignation. It was disgusting that a fellow situated as Phil was should twit a less fortunate person on being "out of luck," should even seem to gloat over the possibility of misfortune's befalling a friend.

He hardened his heart against Phil; he was sure that Phil, for all his brave talk about never being a slacker, would yield to temptation and begin to loaf now that he was to be no longer under any supervision; and he made up his mind that when he had good evidence that his friend was taking things easy he would have some satisfaction in taunting him.

When he arrived at the Woodburys' the next morning an automobile was at the door. In the kitchen the cook and the maid were talking in low tones; Ralph felt that the atmosphere was one of tension. He started to go down into the cellar; Nelly said to him, "No shoes this morning; I guess they had other things to think of than putting their shoes out."

"What's the matter?" Ralph asked.

"The baby's terribly sick. They had the doctor come to see her in the middle of the night; she had some kind of a convulsion or something. I don't know just what. He thought she'd be all right and went away after a while, but she had another about an hour ago, and they had to send for him again."

"That's too bad," Ralph said. "Say, I hope she'll be all right."

"They're almost crazy, they're so worried," Nelly said. "Annie told me they were up all night, and she was up too; she's all in." Annie was the nurse. "Tisn't just the going without sleep, you know; it's the awful nervous strain. She says it's something terrible."

"I wish that there was something I could do to be of some help," Ralph said.

"Well, there ain't," snapped the cook. "Just keep out of the way and keep quiet; that's the best thing you can do."

"Say, go easy on the boy, Bridget," said Nelly. "He's feeling bad about it, the same as us."

"That baby's the nicest kid I ever seen," replied the cook. "It's all got on my nerves, that's what it has—a thing like this coming on a person all of a sudden."

Ralph understood that the cook was coming as near to offering an apology as she could bring herself to come, and he liked her better than he had ever supposed that he could like her. She did after all have some human feeling.

He went out into the garden and worked for a while, but he kept stopping and looking toward the house and wondering how the baby was. Presently Tommy came out to him.

"Hello!" said Tommy. "Did you know my little baby sister is sick?"

"I heard she was," Ralph answered. "I hope that she's better."

"I think she's going to die," said Tommy. "Oh, I'm sure she isn't."

"Why are you sure she isn't? People do die, don't they?"

"Yes, but I guess she won't; I certainly hope not."

"Did you ever see anybody die?"

"No, and I don't want to."

"What is it like to see people die?"

"I don't know, and you oughtn't to talk about such things."

"If baby sister's going to die, it's all right to talk about it."

"No, it isn't, and besides I'm sure she isn't going to die."

"I heard mother say she was afraid baby would die, so how can you be sure she won't die?"

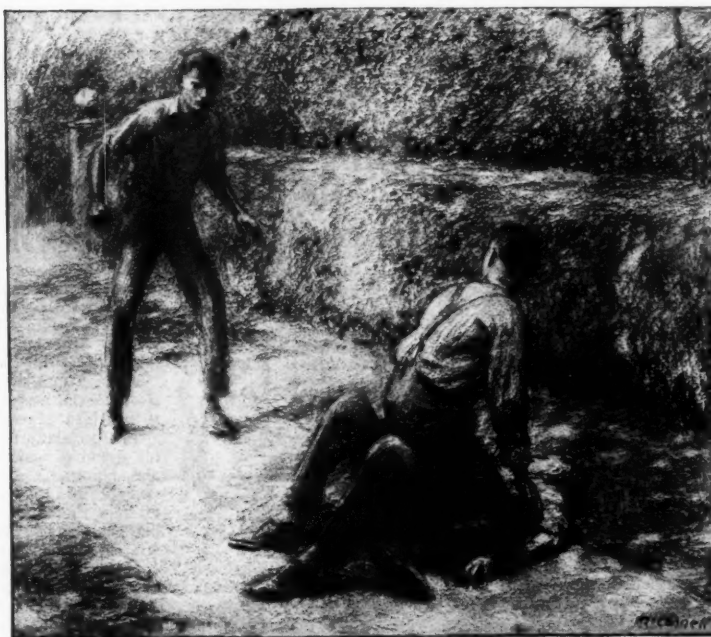
"Tommy, you run away and play and stop talking; you bother me."

Tommy remained for a few moments to argue, then wandered off and soon was absorbed in his favorite amusement of pretending to chop down trees.

Ralph watched him with perplexity and disapproval. "My," he thought, "aren't kids queer! Doesn't care a bit if the baby dies—just kind of excited about it—something interesting! And now he's forgotten all about it—having a great time with himself. I'll feel worse than he will if the baby dies."

Thus philosophizing, he rested on his hoe and watched the little boy leaping about, chattering gayly to himself, whacking trees and shrubs. And then the thought flashed upon his mind that Stuart was perhaps hourly, daily, in more imminent danger of death than Tommy's little sister, and that most of the time he himself was as heedless, as unthinking as Tommy—annoyed by trifles, and enjoying little pleasures, from an ice-cream soda to a magazine, with as much gusto as if Stuart were not under fire; only at intervals overtaken by a numbing consciousness and dread. He and Tommy were not so unlike, he thought, for all their difference in years. He was no good at all, he decided; if he had any sort of character or feeling, he would never in such a time as this be bothered by small matters or give himself up to frivolous enjoyment; his heart would be wrung always thinking of Stuart, and he would be working his heart out too always—like Stuart—for Stuart.

He did the best day's work that he had yet done; he held himself to his task when the temptation was strong to stretch out for just a few moments under a tree; when his shoulders ached unbearably from hoeing he rested them not by reclining against the fence but by pushing the lawn mower. Again the day passed with no visit from Jim Sneed. In the



Sneed knelt, momentarily irresolute

afternoon the baby's condition was more favorable. Nelly said that Mr. Woodbury had gone to his office and that Mrs. Woodbury was quite cheered up. Going home, Ralph felt tired and sober, but not depressed; the good news about the baby, the sense that he had made a better effort than ever before, combined curiously to give him a greater confidence that all would be well with Stuart—and if it shouldn't be, he would try anyway to be more like Stuart.

He did not respond very genially to Phil, who on the homeward walk displayed his rallying propensities.

"Two days running without a visit from Sneed," Phil remarked. "You're playing in luck, aren't you?"

"I don't know that it's for you to talk about luck," retorted Ralph. "Anyway, you haven't got a brother on the firing line these days; if you had, you wouldn't think so much of your luck."

"That's right too, Ralph," Phil said, touched by his friend's sudden outburst. "I guess I know how you're feeling. But don't you worry; something tells me Stuart will come home all right."

"If he doesn't, and the war lasts long enough so that they'll take me—"

"That's the boy. And if I'm not in it by this time next year—"

The unfinished exclamations restored the mood of companionship. The boys walked on together in a silence that was friendly and understanding.

"I know one thing!" exclaimed Ralph suddenly. "I'm going to try not to feel sore and kick about my job the way I've been doing. I guess if you're helping somebody else to get along in these days, you're doing something. And when there's a sick kid in the house, like at the Woodburys', it makes you want to try to help out in any way you can."

"I thought you were working extra hard today whenever I looked over at you," commented Phil. "What about the kid?"

He listened sympathetically while Ralph described the anxiety that prevailed in the Woodbury household.

"I guess as long as the baby was better this afternoon, she'll be all right," he said. "Kids get well and get sick awfully quick."

At Ralph's gate Phil lingered a moment and finally, with some effort, made the speech that was the final proof of sympathy.

"Well, so long, Ralph," he began, and then as if it were an afterthought he added, "If Sneed comes in again to bother you, just give a yell and you and I together will show him where he gets off."

"Thanks," said Ralph. "I'll do that."

The next morning when he arrived at the Woodburys' house, he was greatly relieved to learn that the baby was better. Mr. Woodbury came out to the garage after breakfast and told him that he expected to be away overnight on a business trip; he felt now that it was safe to go, but he would be within call by telephone. He got into his automobile and started off, and Ralph went back to his work in the garden.

It was almost noon when Nelly came out and called him.

"They've had to send for the doctor again," said Nelly. "And he's given a prescription, and Mrs. Woodbury wants you to go down to the drug store and get it as quick as ever you can."

Mrs. Woodbury herself came out on the piazza with a slip of paper in her hand. She looked anxious, but she smiled at Ralph.

"The baby didn't seem quite so well, so I had the doctor come in," she said. "He thinks she'll be all right, but he wants her to have this medicine. I know that you'll get it for me as quickly as possible, Ralph. I don't know how much it will be, but here's a five-dollar bill."

She put the money and the paper on which the prescription was written into his hand.

"I'll be just a few minutes," Ralph said, and he started to run down the avenue.

He turned out of the gateway and was racing along the sidewalk in front of the Whitneys' place when he became suddenly aware that danger threatened. Before him on the sidewalk, braced in an attitude of attack and awaiting his onset, was Jim Sneed.

Ralph slowed up and walked forward with what outward appearance of calmness he could command.

"You would get me fired, would you?" said Sneed, advancing with clenched fists. "Now I'm going to lick the tar out of you."

"What are you talking about?" asked Ralph. "What do you mean by saying I got you fired?"

"You needn't pretend you don't know. You dirty little coward—telephoning to the boss about me and not giving your name!"

"Look here," said Ralph. "I've got to get a prescription filled for a sick baby. She's terribly sick, and they've got to have the medicine as soon as I can bring it. After I come back with it, I'll give you a chance to lick me—if you think you can."

"That kind of a bluff don't go," said Sneed. "Sick baby nothing. I might know you'd try to ring in some kind of baby talk."

He spat on his hands, put up his fists, and squared away at Ralph in sparring position. "Come on now," he commanded. "Come on, or I'll paste you."

"It's no bluff, I tell you," said Ralph earnestly. "Look." He put his hand into his pocket and drew forth the prescription. "You can see yourself—and I tell you the baby's mighty sick, and they've got to have the medicine right away."

Sneed took the paper that Ralph held out for examination. He looked at it, and then he suddenly tore it into pieces and flung the pieces into the street.

"That's what I think of that," he said with an ugly sneer.

Ralph stood for a moment aghast, terrified at the possible consequences of the act. Then a cold rage seized him; his face was white; he darted in and aimed a furious blow at Sneed's face.

It was so sudden and determined that Sneed's attempt to parry it only sent it glancing upward a little; it struck hard against his cheek and laid the flesh open to the bone. Enraged, with the blood streaming down his face, Sneed made a rush at Ralph, caught him round neck and waist and after a brief struggle, during which Ralph punched with his fists and shouted, "Phil! Phil!" at the top of his voice, got him down.

"Now," said Sneed, gritting his teeth, while the blood streamed from his face down upon Ralph's clothes, "now I'm going to pound the life out of you."

He caught Ralph's wrists and jammed them under his knees, Ralph shouting, "Phil! Phil!" all the while.

"First I'll box your dirty little ears, and then I'll smash your nose in," said Sneed. He gave Ralph a buffet on the ear and then banged his nose, and Ralph, in pain, writhed, kicked, struggled to unseat his tormentor. Sneed had to pause to get a fresh grip on his victim's wrists. "Oh, quit your yelling!" he exclaimed, and with one big hand he grasped Ralph's throat and began to choke him.

There was a shout and the sound of running footsteps; Sneed turned his head and relaxed his grip. Ralph again raised his voice: "Phil! Phil!"

For Phil it was, racing to the rescue. "Get off him!" he shouted.

Sneed knelt, momentarily irresolute; his hesitation was disastrous, for when he started to rise it was too late. Phil flung himself upon him like a football player making a tackle and hurled him over backward. Then while Sneed struggled to free himself Ralph sprang on him and pinioned his legs. Sneed ceased to struggle.

"Say, you fellows, 'tisn't fair, two of you," he said plaintively. "Quit it now."

Phil snorted. "Tisn't fair! As if you didn't weigh thirty pounds more than Ralph! And you were hitting him when he was down!"

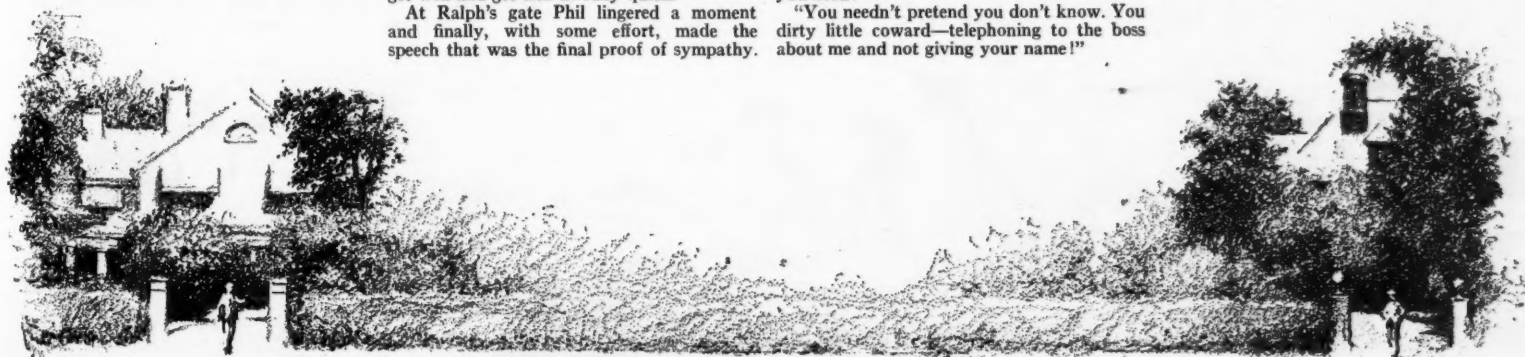
"He tore up the prescription I was going to have filled for the baby," said Ralph.

"Beast!" Phil gave a wrench to Sneed's wrists and Sneed howled. "What shall we do to him?"

"I haven't time to do anything; I've got to go and see what I can do about that medicine. I'll just give his throat a good squeeze for him to remember me by."

And, mindful of the choking that he had received, Ralph gave Sneed the full equivalent. "Now you can let him up," he said.

Phil stood up, and Sneed rose to his feet.



Then Phil said, "If you ever lay for him again, we'll both of us get you."
Jim Sneed, with the fight all gone out of him, moved hastily and silently away.

"You just about saved my life, Phil," Ralph said while he still panted for breath.
"He certainly smashed you up some," Phil pulled out his handkerchief and swabbed his

friend's bleeding nose with it. "I don't know whether it's broken or not."
"It feels as big as a house," Ralph answered as he touched his nose with cautious

fingers. "But that's all right. I've got to go and tell Mrs. Woodbury." He started back to the house, and Phil accompanied him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JOHNNY PENGUIN - THE BIRD THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN

By Winthrop Sprague Brooks

A LONG the dreary and wind-swept shores of the subantarctic seas dwells one of the strangest birds that ornithologists know—Johnny Penguin, to use the seafarer's name, the bird that walks like a man.

One of the principal reasons for my journey to the Falkland Islands was to study and photograph the Johnnies at home. It is well that I had the buoyancy of keen anticipation, for on leaving the snug accommodations of the steamer I set foot on what seemed to me one of the most cheerless lands imaginable, for it consisted mainly of brown grass and outcroppings of gray rock. Weather conditions were vile, quite beyond my varied experience and liveliest imagination. It was October, the early spring of the Falklands. However, I was not seeking a health resort, and it was not long before I found myself living with some kindly Scotch folk near a large colony of penguins.

After a comfortable night I went out to examine the objects of my curiosity. "Mac" told me to follow the shore round the little bay until I came to a bit of low beach between two abrupt conical hills, "peaks" as he called them. For a path I could use the sheep trails through the coarse grass and the patches of "diddle dee," an exceedingly annoying growth of scrub. The only sounds I heard as I walked were the doleful bleating of stray sheep and the plaintive "quee" or "quee-ru" of the pretty little dotted plover. Nearing the beach I saw a host of black dots. It was not long before I could see them moving, and I knew that I had reached my goal.

I had read a good deal about penguins and had of course seen pictures of them—a scanty preparation at best for what I call

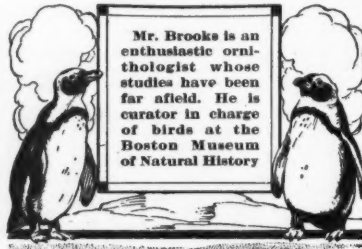
between the ice fields—one of those apparently useless traits of heredity which from our point of view tend to hurt rather than promote the welfare of certain species.

The penguin still clings to another custom of remote ages, and a century and a half of modified conditions has not altered it. Though man, the enemy of nearly all life and the arch disturber of the balance of nature, has been on the Falklands for more than one hundred and fifty years, yet almost always a Johnny, when frightened on the beach, runs clumsily inland, ever retaining his primordial fear of the terrible leopard. The cat can be explained only as being a reaction to the stimulus of fear, driving him away from his most natural element, where the predacious monster existed.

After a winter upon the stormy seas often hundreds of miles from land and never near shore the penguins reach the old familiar colony beach in early October or late September, the dawn of the southern spring. It seems almost incredible that flightless birds whose point of view is never more than six or seven inches above the water should after five or six months on the deep sea in the "roaring forties" unerringly reach on nearly the same date every year not only the same rather small island but the same beach.

After their arrival there follows a period of general relaxation, a renewal of acquaintances and an aimless strolling about the strand. Nest building, such as it is, takes place early in October and for some of the colony is a long, arduous task that makes little progress, for while a bird is away finding a pebble or a bit of peat his neighbors help themselves to whatever he has thus far brought to the nest. The owner does not show any concern, but continues patiently and when opportunity affords chooses material from an absent, but till then more fortunate, neighbor. If he is caught in the act of pilfering, a lively chase ensues. Johnny uses great care in choosing just the right bit of peat or other building material; often he turns it about for some time before he finally rejects or accepts it. Anything of a bright color is treasured by all, and a piece of tin or an empty shotgun shell found at one side of a colony is taken from nest to nest until in a few days a long succession of thefts may bring it to the other side of the colony.

The full complement of penguin eggs in the Falklands is two to a nest; sometimes there are three, but the third is stolen from a neighbor. Both parents share in incubation, for the eggs cannot be left exposed to the cold and to the depredations of the gulls that are ever hawking back and forth. The pleasures and labors of nest building continue long after the eggs are hatched; even as late as January some birds industriously waddle along with material, which they carefully place in piles near some nesting group. Occasionally and with great effort one brings a pebble or a lump of peat from far back in the colony to the water's edge and



leaves it there while he enters the sea, apparently feeling that he has done his full duty.

When a gull comes close to the nest the sitting bird generally gives a peculiar groaning sound of warning and, pointing the bill straight into the air, extends the head as high as possible and stretches the whole

body to its utmost. The bill remains closed, and the head often rotates from side to side.

The eyes are bright and watch carefully all that happens, although usually a penguin's eyes are half closed while on land, giving the bird a drowsy appearance.

When landing on the beach or joining the young or when settling on the nest after being disturbed penguins utter a short vibrant "ah." The trumpeting cry, which can be heard at all times and from a great distance, is a short high-pitched hiccup alternating with a sustained bray, and generally uttered in series of threes. Often the cry continues for a long time. Sometimes it is almost constant, and, although it often seems to indicate defiance, it more often appears to replace the songs of more gifted birds and to be an expression of satisfaction. Thus in a group of fifty or more Johnnies standing round me as I sat on a mound of peat some bird contentedly dozing would awake slowly, extend its head and trumpet apparently for the sole purpose of expressing its bodily comfort; then it would resume its sleep or preen its feathers or perhaps stroll slowly away.

Very young Johnnies have a thin chirping note. As they grow older and begin to move about, if hungry, frightened or disturbed, they resort to a feeble, quavering trumpeting that as they teeter round with the precarious balance of a child is very pathetic. By the time they are three quarters grown they begin to point their bills into the air and successfully imitate the groaning "hands-off" warning of the adults.

The young, which are absolutely helpless when hatched, grow rapidly; the prodigious distention of their abdomens is a good criterion of the amount of food they eat. They get it from the contents of the parent's crop, and the process of feeding them is quite simple. The parent retches a moment, brings



FEEDING THE YOUNG JOHNNIES

the contents of the crop, usually shrimps and other marine food, into the upper throat and then, throwing the head forward, opens the bill within the reach of the young bird, which picks the food out of the open gullet.

During the early stages of development

the adult protects her young as much as possible against the gulls and the inclemencies of the weather. The protection against weather amounts to little, for all the old bird can do is to lean forward and turn her back to the wind, allowing the young to huddle in the lee with their heads between the parental legs. The young seek shelter from the storm until they are pretty large.

As soon as the young birds are able to toddle about their lives are beset with difficulties. Early in January you can see them wandering irresolutely not far from the old nest, crying feebly and trying to pursue any adult in quest of food. If their wandering brings them within reach of neighboring youngsters, much pulling and biting ensues, and the fight usually ends in the loss of the very precarious balance of one or both of the combatants.

Most of the old birds will no more tolerate the intrusion of a young bird upon what they believe to be their own little plot of ground than they will tolerate that of an adult; and so when some helpless youngster just able to stagger about comes within reach of a testy old bird it receives a merciless pecking delivered with as much vigor as if the offender were full-grown.

When young Johnnies are able to walk fairly well they band together in "nurseries"

PUGNACIOUS AND INQUISITIVE



under the care of a few adults, and there they lead a life of more or less independence except in the matter of food. Although they are apparently always hungry and are constantly searching for food, their great diversion seems to be fighting, and they while away many hours in hard-contested battles.

Curiosity is one of Johnny's most notable traits. Though he is trudging along apparently on an errand of the utmost importance, he cannot resist stopping to examine any new object. Thus, if I sat down quietly near a colony, it was only a short time before a group of intensely curious and interested birds formed a semicircle round me at a distance of a few feet. A quick movement might stampede the flock, but they would soon return to doze or to idle about in my immediate vicinity.

Isolated in the midst of a usually stormy ocean, the shores of the Falklands are continuously hammered by heavy seas, and the ability of the penguins to enter and leave the water through the heaviest surf is indeed marvelous. On entering the sea they often lie flat on their bellies in water that does not nearly cover them and beat their wings rapidly without results; then they rise and walk to a greater depth, or an incoming wave overtakes them in their futile endeavors and covers them sufficiently for them to use their wings. As soon as they reach deeper water they hasten to submerge and so make much more rapid progress. Usually they come to the surface before each comber breaks but escape the crash by diving and swimming. Diving requires no effort or curling over as

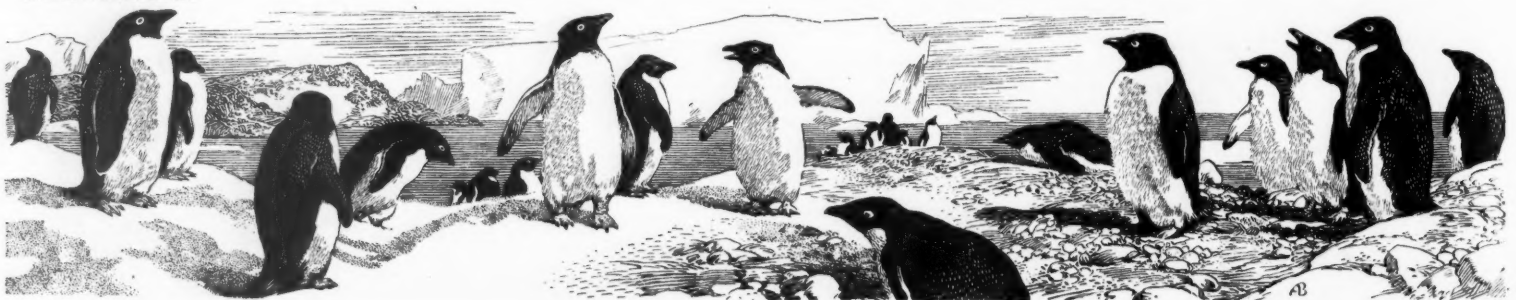


THE PENGUIN RECEPTION COMMITTEE

one of my "ornithological sensations." At any rate I was not expecting a reception committee of strange little creatures about two and a half feet high all in evening clothes! Such was my first impression, for before me stood a group of perhaps fifty erect and dignified Johnnies with immaculate snowy under parts and black backs and heads; all were waving their black paddlelike wings to balance themselves.

After having greeted my committee of welcome I left them to their dignity and pressed on over the slight rise to where I knew the main colony was to be found. It was indeed an astonishing sight. Certainly thirty thousand birds were in the valley, and above on either side were thousands more in small communities, suburbanites residing away from the carking metropolis. Although the main colony lives chiefly on a low beach, others remained on the higher ground. Perhaps those hilltop dwellers still retain a spark of the old inherited instinct, remnant of the days of early glaciation, when the only bare spots were the elevated ridges

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR BAITLETT



with other waterfowl. A Johnny floats so low in the water that his wings are always submerged; to dive the bird merely puts his head down and disappears. He uses only the wings for swimming; the feet trail behind like the legs of a bird that is flying. The rapidity of a penguin under water is astonishing and compares with that of a fish. The wings beat approximately two hundred strokes to the minute, and the speeding dark body looks like the shadow of some tiny cloud borne rapidly along on a strong Cape Horn westerly.

Owing to the undertow, coming in from the ocean is rather a struggle, but the bird never fails. You frequently see a group approaching the beach at a tremendous rate with bounding porpoise-like plunges. Then when the birds are in perhaps ten inches of water they pop up to a standing position,

and the indefinable shadows that you saw rushing in are transformed with the quickness of a flash into dripping Johnnies running up through the spume to the dry beach.

But when the summer ends and the helpless young are full-grown Johnnies, and the approaching autumn makes the dreary and desolate shores even more dreary, both young and old forsake the land and until the following spring spend their lives entirely upon the tempestuous winter seas many miles from any shore.

The Falklands are far away, but for me it does not take much imagination to see again great troops of birds that walk like men passing by me in review and to hear the booming trumpeting on the dreary shore. More faintly the forlorn bleating of a sheep is borne over the grassland, and the plaintive little plover asks, "Quee-ru?"

THE THING CALLED GENIUS ^{By} Marguerite Aspinwall

IT was a dreary morning, and Marcia's mood was in keeping with the day. Sitting in Mrs. Moresby's too gorgeous drawing-room, she stared in discouraged fashion at a splash of mud on her shabby tweed skirt and tried to scold herself into being thankful over the prospect of another pupil. "Goodness knows I need the money," she said to herself dispiritedly. "If I only weren't so tired all the time now!" She sighed, glanced up nervously on hearing a step in the hall and then got to her feet as a white-haired, plump and comfortable-looking woman of middle age entered, followed by a thin, sulky little girl who carried a violin case under one scrawny arm.

"Mrs. St. Clare thinks so highly of your ability, Miss Moore," she heard Mrs. Moresby say pleasantly. "She tells me you have done wonders for Eloise, and, as Julie has set her heart on having lessons, I thought I should like her to study with you if you will take her."

The little speech was uttered with simple sincerity; Mrs. Moresby appeared to be asking a favor instead of bestowing one, and the fact was disarming. Marcia felt a quick uprushing of friendliness that sent an answering sparkle to her gray eyes. After all, Mrs. Moresby was what she called a "beautifully motherly person"—the highest compliment that lonely Marcia, who had never known a mother, could pay. Moreover, it was a relief to hear that in spite of her sulky air the child was really interested in the prospect of lessons.

"Julie has had her violin for two years," the gentle, rather anxious voice ran on. "She has quite a remarkable way of picking up tunes by herself; she says she's going on the concert stage when she's older, but I'm sure I hope she won't want to then. Julie, dear, play that pretty little Spanish song for Miss Moore. It's one she heard at the concert the other day, and she got it quite wonderfully."

"Well, I won't; so there!" Julie said promptly and scowled at her mother and at Marcia impartially.

Her mother sighed and shook her head. "She never takes suggestions from me," she said unhappily. "Seems as if we always say the wrong thing to each other. Her father used to know how to manage her; he managed both of us without our ever realizing it, I guess." She laughed uncertainly, and Marcia saw suddenly that her eyes were wet.

"O mamma!" the child broke in rudely, and her black eyes were bright in resentment. "Don't, for goodness' sakes! Miss Moore doesn't want all that old story thrown at her!"

Her expression was oddly unchildlike at the moment; there was something wise and elfin about the thin dark little face with the straight, silky black hair growing low on the forehead in a widow's peak and the big, flashing black eyes alight with malice. And yet, looking at her keenly, Marcia noticed to her own astonishment that the child's lips were trembling, and she concluded swiftly that these two persons hurt each other almost equally with their lack of comprehension, but that, whereas the mother's years had taught her patience, the child struck back like a young savage. Marcia wanted to shake bad-tempered, spoiled Julie and at the same time to put her arms round her and draw the black, defiant young head down



"She never takes suggestions from me," she said unhappily

against her breast. She thought that if she were alone with the child and could once break through that stubborn outer shell of self-will and alert suspicion she should find the kernel within sweet and sound and very loving. As if in answer to her unspoken wish Mrs. Moresby rose abruptly. "I think I will leave you and Julie to talk over the lessons together," she said with a tired little smile for Marcia. "I don't pretend to know anything about music, so I shouldn't be much help, and I have some housekeeping matters waiting for me."

When she had gone there was a rather embarrassing silence for a few minutes in the big room. Marcia spent part of that pause wondering how anyone could ever have chosen of his own volition such unbelievably hideous and gorgeous furniture. Then with a swift birdlike movement Julie opened her violin case and took out the shining instrument. A great transformation showed in the little face. The black eyes were brilliant still, but with a softer light, and the mouth curved upward in a new engaging smile that was half eager, half deprecatory and shy.

"It's not much of a violin," she said, but she tucked it under her chin with a touch that spoke eloquently to Marcia, who had also known what it is to love a violin and to harbor soaring dreams of the concert stage. "Some day," Julie declared in a fierce

little voice, "I'm going to own a—a—one of those old deep-toned ones." She flung her arm out in a passionate gesture of yearning and determination. "Mamma could afford to give it to me now; poppa made a whole pile of money in oil about the time I was born. There's always plenty for things like this—" She gave a disdainful little flirt of her fingers at the furnishings. "It's ugly, the whole house! I hate a clutter of things about me, only mamma won't ever see it the way I do. She actually likes this room!"

Marcia was sympathetic but bewildered. This twelve-year-old Julie, who instinctively knew the difference between good taste and bad, and who knew too no conventional reason why she should not discuss her thoughts and feelings with a stranger, was a rather fascinating puzzle.

"If she'd only take some interest in what means so much to me," Julie went on complainingly. "If I wanted a new dress or—or even a car, I could have it. But she thinks my loving music makes me queer!" The red mouth took a scornful, unchildlike curve. "Different from other children!"

Marcia did not know whether to be complimented or embarrassed at the flood of confidences, but Julie's words had explained a good deal. Probably the Moresbys had

Marcia knew that her new pupil had forgotten all her shyness. She stood there in the centre of the crowded ugly room, a slim young figure holding the violin under a firm pointed chin; her eyes were absorbed and soft; her mouth was tense.

It was a strange little air she played, one that was full of curious haunting rhythms and a pulsing melody that climbed and climbed, high and clear and sweet.

"Why, my dear!" stammered Marcia when the room was silent again; the girl's playing was so different from what she had expected!

"You needn't say anything," Julie said in a pleased voice. "You liked it; I could tell by your face. The tune got to running in my brain, and I worked it out a little bit at a time till I had it the way I wanted it. Is it any good?"

For a moment Marcia felt a rush of something much like jealous pain. All that she had worked for so long and with so many sacrifices and had failed to achieve lay within this child's grasp! The real soul of music, the divine spark, was in Julie's crude rendering of the exotic little melody. Faults there were of course, but they could be corrected. Then as suddenly as the twinge had come it vanished, and a new enthusiasm sprang up within the discouraged young music teacher. Here was work such as she could throw herself into heart and soul!

"Yes, it's good," she said solemnly. "Or at least it will be some day. But you've got to work like—a dog, Julie! Here, let's begin now! Wait till I take off my gloves and I'll show you how to hold that bow."

That morning marked the beginning of a strange but enduring friendship. For the first time in her life Julie was brought into contact with some one who, as she herself expressed it, "spoke the same language." Her disposition seemed to improve with her playing, for happiness and work are two great forces in smoothing out kinks in tempers.

Mrs. Moresby accepted the change with silent gratitude and tried in unobtrusive little ways to make Marcia understand. She and Julie appeared to be growing closer in a new comradeship, and altogether the state of affairs seemed, as Marcia apprehensively observed to herself on occasions, too beatific to endure.

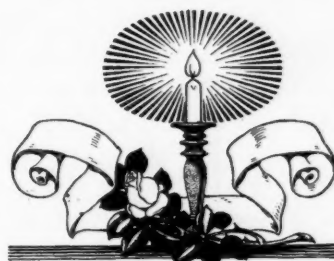
The long calm broke unexpectedly. Marcia was sitting in her rather cramped little bedroom one stormy evening in late February, thinking about getting ready for bed, when there came a vehement knocking on her door, and before she could reply the door burst open, and a dripping, fiery-eyed Julie stepped into the room, dropped a dripping umbrella and rushed headlong into Marcia's arms. "O Miss Marcia, I'm so unhappy!" she lamented. "I've had another awful row with mamma because she's made up her mind I need to go to Florida. Need! She thinks I'm working too hard." Julie sobbed. "And I told her I wouldn't go and leave my lessons—and you, Miss Marcia. Oh, I thought she was beginning to understand at last, but she doesn't, not one little bit. So I'm through. We—I said some awful things, I'm afraid, and then I—I stamped on my violin and it went cr-rack, and I—I felt as if something had broken inside me!"

Marcia was really frightened at the way the child cried; great sobs were shaking the thin little body, and a torrent of hot tears fell over Marcia's hands. "Now, see here, honey girl," she said firmly, beginning to unfasten the buttons of the wet coat and frock. "We're not going to talk this thing over tonight. Off with these damp clothes and then into bed. I'll make you some hot cocoa over the gas, and not another word out of you! Tomorrow we'll talk."

Half an hour later she stood looking at a sweetly sleeping Julie, whose peaceful, thin little face bore no evidences of her recent storm except a slight paleness. "If this is the thing called genius, help us to deal rightly and wisely with it!" prayed Marcia silently, oppressed with the sudden burden of a great responsibility.

For a second or two she felt a touch of bitterness as she thought of the riches of love and opportunity that the girl before her was willfully blind to and contrasted them with her own loneliness. "I shouldn't mind the hard work and being poor or even the career's not coming true," she thought, "if I only had a mother and a family to share things with me."

But it was no time for self-pity and her own problems, and after a second glance to assure herself that Julie was not likely to wake for some time she donned her oldest hat, her raincoat and rubbers and stole softly



been plain, comfortable folk before "poppa" had made that "pile of money in oil" and gentle, insistent little Mrs. Moresby had tried to shower all the consequent luxury on her unwilling and unappreciative daughter.

"I'll play for you now," Julie said shyly. "I didn't want to play that Spanish thing mamma asked for because there was something else I had planned to play. I want to know what you think—"

She left her sentence unfinished and, bending her dark head, set to work tuning the violin.

"Now," she said abruptly.

Marcia nodded, and Julie with her cheeks white and her lips trembling drew the bow softly across the strings. With the first note

down the three flights of stairs to the hall below. Outside on the stoop she closed the front door behind her and raised her umbrella. For a second her heart sank as she peered out at the storm. The wind was whirling oblique sheets of chilly rain in great eddies across the street and flinging them at her furiously; raincoat and umbrella were poor protection.

She was tempted to turn back and put off her errand until morning. She could telephone to Mrs. Moresby that Julie was with her and was safe.

"No, I won't be such a weakling!" Marcia flung the words defiantly into the teeth of the gale and stepped out determinedly upon the pavement already awash in the lashing floods.

Fortunately, she caught a car at the next crossing, and twenty minutes later, steaming and bedraggled but flushed a becoming wild-rose pink, she stood in Mrs. Moresby's gorgeous hall, dripping pools of rain water on the hideous but expensive red velvet carpet and handing her shabby raincoat to Mrs. Moresby's gorgeous and expensive butler.

Mrs. Moresby was knitting in lonely state in the huge drawing-room, which in spite of the poorly chosen furnishings seemed homelike with the softening lamplight and that placid, gently-rocking figure with the swift, sure fingers moving among the wool.

The clicking needles stopped at the sound of Marcia's light step, and Mrs. Moresby, glancing up, stared in amazement at her unexpected visitor. "Why, Miss Moore!" she cried in a soft little voice of mingled surprise and pleasure. "What are you doing out on a dreadful night like this? It's late too. I was just thinking of going to bed. It's so lonely sitting here and knitting by yourself." She rose and hurried across the room to take Marcia's cold hands and draw her over to the lamplight.

"Something is wrong," she said positively, "or you would never have come out at this hour and in such a storm. Sit down, dear, and tell me about it."

Marcia allowed herself to be pushed gently into a deep, softly-upholstered armchair and relaxed with a little sigh of relief. Then she remembered her errand and sat up straighter; her forehead puckered into troubled lines. "Nothing has happened to worry about really," she began. "But I—I wanted to talk to you about—Julie."

"About Julie?" Mrs. Moresby repeated anxiously, and Marcia saw that swift little creases had suddenly appeared in the woman's forehead.

"You and Julie had—had a little argument tonight, didn't you?" she asked and placed her hand reassuringly on the finely-veined, plump one lying in Mrs. Moresby's gray satin lap.

"Yes, we did," Julie's mother admitted sadly. "Julie gave way to one of her fits of temper, I am sorry to say, and finally threw her violin on the floor and stamped on it. And I always thought that that was the one thing the child really loved," she added in a shaky voice. "Only, how did you know, Miss Moore?"

"You don't know yet then," said Marcia hesitatingly, "that Julie decided to run away tonight and came to me first to say good-by?"

Mrs. Moresby gave a frightened cry. "My baby out alone in the dark and the storm!" she gasped. "You—O Miss Moore!" Both hands clutched the girl's arm in an agonized grasp. "You stopped her? You—you wouldn't let her—a little girl—"

"Of course I didn't let her," Marcia interrupted her hurriedly. "It's all right. No, don't—don't cry like that. She's safe asleep in my bed and has promised me not to stir till I come back."

"I'll get my wraps and go right back with you!" Mrs. Moresby said in a voice thick with tears. "I had no idea the child would take our wretched little scene to heart this way. She never has before. Oh, we've had others!" she cried unhappily. "I told you I didn't understand her. But I love her better than all the rest of the world put together!"

"I know you do," said Marcia. "I know you do. That's why I came here tonight instead of telephoning. Somehow I think I do understand Julie a little bit. I've never said much about it, but when I was growing up I had all kinds of big ambitions just as Julie has. Only I hadn't her gift. I wouldn't believe it for a long time. I worked—" She drew a long breath and set her lips tight for a moment as the memory of those years of disappointment and disillusion returned. Then she laughed a trifle shakily and gave a gay little shrug. "Oh, well, I won't bother you

with that," she said lightly. "But I just wanted you to know that was how I understood."

"O Miss Moore, and you play so beautifully!" said the older woman softly. "Why, Julie can't begin to—"

"Not in technique," Marcia replied quickly. "No, of course not that—yet. But the music itself—the fire, the feeling, a—sort of brilliancy—I haven't the right words for it; the thing's too intangible, but it's there! I knew it the first minute I heard her play that morning. Oh, she didn't handle her bow correctly,—naturally she didn't,—and her fingering was rather off, but for all that she had the something they all said I didn't have. And just for a second I—well, it hurt. But after that I came to feel that it was next to doing what I wanted myself, helping some one else do it—a different sort of creating but creating nevertheless. So you see why tonight I felt I had to come and fight for Julie's chance. This time I simply can't lose, Mrs. Moresby. I—I couldn't bear it. The part of Julie you say you don't understand is the biggest thing in her, something that comes the nearest to being divine. I don't mean to sound silly and theatrical, but it seems to me as if God himself lights a clear little candle once in a while and gives it to a person here and there to carry. I think He's given one to Julie and—and you mustn't put it out!"

Flushed and a trifle shamefaced after her impulsive outburst, Marcia, glancing up, saw that Mrs. Moresby was crying quietly into her handkerchief.

"I didn't guess," the older woman said chokingly, "that music meant so much to anyone. I suppose I've been disappointed because Julie never liked the things other children liked. But if the Lord gave Julie a lighted candle to carry to help brighten up the world, I'd be a nice mother to run about after her blowing it out! Julie shall be a violin player some day if she's a mind to. Now let's go and tell her. And—and—I know she was awfully naughty and doesn't deserve presents, but I'd like to buy her a new violin, a really good one like those she's always talking about. I might tell her she could go tomorrow and pick it out for herself. You don't think that would be silly and weak of me after she broke hers in a temper?"

"I think it would be a beautiful way of showing Julie that you do understand after all," Marcia said warmly, though her eyes were suddenly wistful.

Abruptly plump little Mrs. Moresby rose from her rocker and, dropping the pink wool in a warm, colorful heap on the rug, put her arms round her young visitor's neck. "Dear heart, you'd be such a comfortable daughter!" she said between a laugh and a sob. "I wish you were mine! You must be just the age my Mariette would have been. You'd have been such a help with a naughty, spoiled little sister. Look here, my dear, what's to prevent your coming with Julie and me to Florida next week? You can keep up her precious music lessons, and that'll reconcile her to the trip. Now don't make excuses. You told Julie last week you had only three other pupils now," she added

triumphantly, "so I guess I can pay you a salary that'll be worth giving them up for. And Florida'll do you a heap of good. I've been noticing lately that you're tired and kind of white."

Marcia lifted a startled face; her eyes were full of wonder, and her lips were halting in a breath of incredulous delight. "Oh, but I oughtn't to," she said faintly. "Only it's so beautiful just to think of—blue seas and a warm yellow sand beach and summer skies and palm trees. There are palm trees?" she interrupted herself to ask eagerly. The cheeks that Mrs. Moresby had called white were coral pink now.

"Oh, yes, there are palm trees," Mrs. Moresby replied and laughed. "We were down there last winter, Julie and I." She put up a hesitating finger and touched Marcia's chin. "You've got a dimple right where Mariette had one," she said softly, irrelevantly.

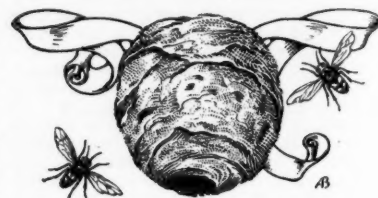
And suddenly Marcia was sobbing on the motherly gray satin bosom, and Mrs. Moresby was patting the damp, bedraggled little turban and the shaking shoulders with tender, agitated fingers. "There, there, honey,"

she said soothingly. "Don't now—no, I mean do! Just you cry all you've a mind to. To think all your own poor mother has missed! And what you've missed too! A girl needs her mother. Some day Julie'll discover that, and I'm counting on you, Marcia, to help that day along. We both need you, Julie and I, and I guess you need the mothering I'm going to see you get."

Marcia straightened her turban and sat up with a face so changed and shining that she seemed a totally different person from the weary girl who had struggled through the storm an hour before. A dancing kaleidoscope of golden visions dazzled her. Florida—warmth—sunshine—comfort—love—oh, above and beyond all, the miracle of suddenly being loved and needed! Two people needed her! There was a big lump in the girl's throat, and such a surging happiness brimming up from a suddenly overfilled heart that the words of thanks and acceptance she tried to say wouldn't come. Instead she laid her cheek back against the tear-stained satin blouse and whispered brokenly: "I'll make Julie know—you'll see—mothers are the most comfortable things in the world!"

BURNING OUT THE STINGERS

By Hugh F. Grinstead



PAINTED boldly across the white face of a sixty-foot cliff where all travelers by the valley road might read as they drove was the sign, "Use Betz Tires." The letters, plain and black, were eight feet high, and it was more than ninety feet from the beginning of the first word to the end of the last. Ben Gordon had painted the sign from a suspended scaffold with a helper at the top of the cliff to manage the ropes when Gordon was ready to shift the narrow staging on which he worked.

The distributor for that section was sure that the big sign had helped to increase his tire sales, and a year after it was painted he had asked Gordon to go back and retouch some of the letters, which a streak of yellow mud, washed down from the top of the cliff during the heavy summer rains, had almost obliterated. The last two letters of the word "Betz" had been partly covered so that the name might easily be taken for that of a competitor.

Gordon didn't think it was necessary to take a helper with him for the time required merely to scrape off the coating of dried clay and to daub on a little paint. Just after noon he left his battered car by the side of the road and, crossing the little stream that skirted the bluff, made a circuitous climb to the top of the cliff. He carried with him a long three-quarters-inch rope, a size that would easily sustain his weight, and a small wooden pulley with a hook, a can of paint, a brush and a trowel.

He had already noted the position of a stunted tree growing near the edge of the cliff, and to it he secured the pulley and ran the rope through the groove. He had contrived a sling from a short piece of rope, and into it he tied one end of the long rope. The paint was in a square gallon oil can, which he slung over his shoulder by means of a strap run through slots that he had cut in the rim. With the trowel and brush in the pocket of his jumper he slipped into the rope sling and let himself over the brink.

Grasping the rope firmly with both hands, he let it run slowly through the pulley as he dropped down the face of the cliff. Smooth though it appeared from the road, there were numerous projections and seams on the surface, so that a climber could use his feet and knees to good advantage either going down or coming up. Gordon had lowered himself

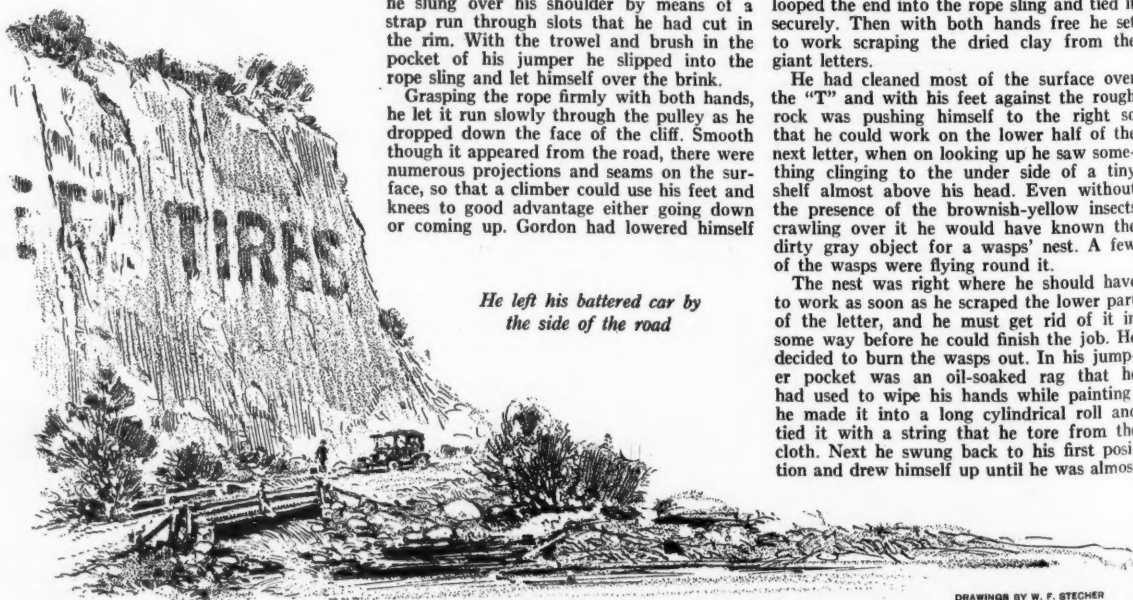
only a few feet when he noticed that the rope where he grasped it was unpleasantly sticky. He at once remembered picking up an overturned oil can in the garage a few days before; the coiled rope had lain on the floor near by. For more than a yard the rope was thoroughly saturated with oil; the sticky surplus was clinging to it in crusted drops. At one or two other places also the rope had come into contact with the spilled oil.

Gordon gave the matter no thought after the oily part had slipped through his hands and he grasped the clean dry rope farther down. He knew that a little oil could not injure a rope; probably it would preserve it against decay.

The rope was a little more than sixty feet long, and when he had let himself down as far as the sign, which was about midway between the top and the bottom of the cliff, there were only a few yards of the end loose and dangling below his hands. He looped the end into the rope sling and tied it securely. Then with both hands free he set to work scraping the dried clay from the giant letters.

He had cleaned most of the surface over the "T" and with his feet against the rough rock was pushing himself to the right so that he could work on the lower half of the next letter, when on looking up he saw something clinging to the under side of a tiny shelf almost above his head. Even without the presence of the brownish-yellow insects crawling over it he would have known the dirty gray object for a wasp's nest. A few of the wasps were flying round it.

The nest was right where he should have to work as soon as he scraped the lower part of the letter, and he must get rid of it in some way before he could finish the job. He decided to burn the wasps out. In his jumper pocket was an oil-soaked rag that he had used to wipe his hands while painting; he made it into a long cylindrical roll and tied it with a string that he tore from the cloth. Next he swung back to his first position and drew himself up until he was almost



He left his battered car by the side of the road

level with the wasps' nest and fully a yard to the left of it. One or two of the flying insects buzzed about his ears, but they did not sting him. He tied the rope securely in order to hold himself at that level; then he reached into his pocket for a match.

The oily rag flamed the instant the lighted match touched it, and with the point of his

section of the rope coming down passed the blazing part on its way up, and instantly the flame passed from one to the other, licking greedily upward three or four feet.

Gordon gasped. He should never be able to pull himself through that yard or more of flame! Even if he could stand the pain when his hand touched the burning strands, the blaze would set fire to his clothes. For a moment he hung there uncertainly, suspended more than thirty feet above the jumble of bush-dotted rock that sloped downward from the foot of the cliff to the little stream in the valley. A burning rope that could last at most only a minute or two was all that held him from death. He felt utterly helpless.

In that moment of silence he heard the twitter of a bird perched upon the stunted tree far above him. He heard the chug of an automobile approaching along the valley road; then he heard the shouts of the occupants as they discovered his plight. They would come to his rescue, but perhaps before they could get out of the car the rope would have burned in two, and they would find only his mangled body upon the rocks at the bottom of the cliff.

It was maddening to hang there helpless, waiting for the end that appeared inevitable. Without any definite plan he began to let himself down.

He had given up as impossible his first thought of trying to beat out the flames. Perhaps it was instinct that made him retreat to the ground, though there would still be a drop of twenty-five feet when he reached the end of the rope.

But before he had descended the ten feet that brought him again near the end of the rope he had decided on a course of action. First he slipped from his shoulder the strap that held the paint can and looped it quickly into the rope sling that supported him. Next he twined the loose end of the rope, of which almost ten feet dangled below his hand, twice round his leg and twisted both legs together to hold it tight. Then he let his body slip from the rope sling by ducking his head under the knot where the rope was tied to it.

Down he shot! The sling with only the paint bucket raced toward the pulley at the brink of the cliff. Though the groove in the block must have offered considerable resistance, Gordon felt that he was dropping with the greatest possible speed. The rocky slope appeared to be rushing up to meet him. He hoped that the knot in the long rope where it was tied to the sling would reach the pulley and catch while he was still ten feet or more from the ground. If he could retain his hold on the rope when the jerk came, blistered hands or a dislocated shoulder perhaps would be the worst; for he would slip with greatly diminished speed down the remaining length of rope to within a few feet of the ground.

With legs and arms clutching frantically and with the rope drawn close against his chest, he waited for the inevitable jerk that he knew would almost take the breath from his body. He was determined that it should not break his grip. The drop of perhaps twenty feet occupied little more than a second, though in that short time Gordon wondered whether he had estimated the distance correctly, whether he should not after all strike on the rocky slope before all the rope paid out and the knot caught.

There came first the jerk that took his breath and straightened out his legs as if he had been the cracker at the end of a whip. More from the burning of his hands than from any sense of motion he was conscious of slipping down the rope. Then again came the sensation of falling, this time without so much as the friction of a rope running through a pulley to retard him. It couldn't have been far, no more than seven or eight feet, that he fell.

He felt a thorny shrub strike him between the shoulders, and he rolled down the slope a few yards before he stopped. Only the sudden jerk of his body had been needed to break the rope where it was burned. A few seconds more and the resistance would not have been sufficient to check his downward plunge and save him from certain destruction.

After a few moments he sat up dazed and looked round him. The broken end of a charred rope lay a few feet from him, and a few yards away he beheld the battered remains of the paint can. Above, a spatter of black paint trickled from the white rock.

Gordon finished his job, but not until he had brought out a new rope, one that had not been oiled.



He held his improvised torch at arm's length

trowel stuck under the string that bound the rag he held his improvised torch at arm's length and thrust it under the nest. He didn't care to remain at such close quarters with the troublesome insects, and when he had pushed a part of the rag into a crack under the nest he busied himself with getting down to a safer place; more of the wasps than he had expected had escaped the flame and were darting viciously about his head.

He loosened the knot, which he had tied in a bow, and let himself down almost as far as he could. He was eight or ten feet below the torch, which still blazed furiously. Left free to swing straight down, the rope was not far from the place where the wasps' nest had been. Gordon had ducked his head to escape the surviving wasps as well as any singing ones that might fall on him, but now he looked up. What he saw made him exclaim in horror.

The oily spot on the rope had swung too near the blazing rag. A tongue of flame that seemed barely to touch it ignited the oil on the rope, which flared into a blaze that shot upward until fully a yard of the oil-soaked rope was burning.

Without wasting a moment, Gordon began to draw himself up; the band of flame preceded him by seven or eight feet. He didn't know how long it would take a rope three quarters of an inch thick to burn in two, but he hoped that before that happened he might reach the top of the cliff or at least reach a narrow shelf just below the stunted tree that held the pulley. He was twenty-five feet from the bottom of the cliff now, and it was still farther to the tree. If the rope should burn in two before he reached the top, he would have farther to drop, but whether it was twenty-five feet or fifty feet the result would be the same.

Before Gordon had raised himself ten feet an unexpected thing happened. An oil-soaked

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About whiter teeth which boys should know

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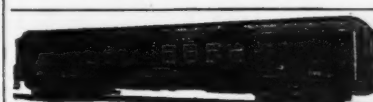
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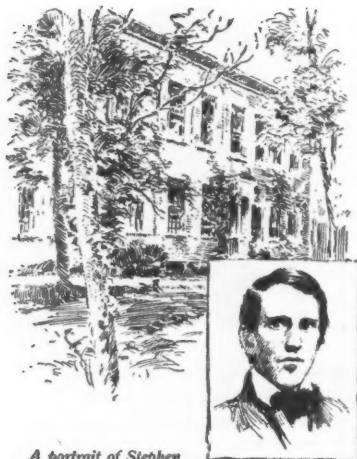
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A portrait of Stephen Collins Foster and a view of the house at Bardstown, Kentucky, in which he wrote *My Old Kentucky Home*.

FACT AND COMMENT

REPENTANCE is not a matter of passionate weeping but of serious thinking.

It was, the Hornet thought, a goodly Jest To Sting—and that was why we burned the nest.

KNOWLEDGE runs in streaks. A man may be able to give a lecture on the lunar crater Copernicus and yet approach a mule from the wrong end.

TO ADD YESTERDAY'S LOAD to what you already carry makes a heavy burden. Put tomorrow's load on top of that and you cannot support it.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS seem to be disturbed because the American army of tourists this year did not scatter its gold with prodigal hand. Perhaps the most amusing lament is that the Americans called for much less alcoholic liquor than the hotel keepers had been led to expect. Most of the visitors were content to eat at inexpensive grills and drink mineral water instead of wine.

THE FRENCH COMMITTEE for the Olympic games, which will be held next year in Paris, has announced that besides the athletic events there will be competitions in literature, architecture, music, painting and sculpture. The works entered in those contests must have some form of athletic achievement for their theme, and the winners will receive medals as if they were athletes.

IN CHINA more new roads have been built in the past five years than in any previous five decades. Over the new roads American motor busses are running. Fares are cheap, and the Chinese people after their first alarm are enthusiastic customers. When the cost of building dirt roads and of transportation is as low as it is in China a new industrial order for a quarter of the human race may come quickly.

THE CALIFORNIA Fruit Growers' Exchange salvages its by-products. Last year its plant at Corona worked up 650 carloads of cull lemons into citric acid and lemon oil. Another plant handles 80 carloads of cull oranges a month, converting them into orange oil, concentrated orange juice for beverages, orange vinegar, marmalade and orange peel. The refuse furnishes pectin, which is the substance that causes fruit juices to jelly.

THE GROSS REVENUES of the first round trip of the Leviathan were \$779,000, with expenses of approximately \$400,000, leaving a profit of \$379,000. The net earnings do not take into account the capital invested or some other items that a commercial operator would have to consider, but the showing is very favorable. Early in the year the Shipping Board estimated that if the liner could average \$500,000 a voyage in gross revenue it would earn more than \$800,000 a year net.

SCHOLARS now deny that Gutenberg was the inventor of movable types, that the so-called Gutenberg Bible was the first book printed from movable types, and that Gutenberg printed it. Nevertheless, an American book dealer recently paid \$43,000 at auction in London for the Carysfort Gutenberg Bible, popularly supposed to be the first

book ever printed from movable types. Another of the most valuable books in the world, which also comes to America this year, is a Shakespeare First Folio, printed just three hundred years ago—seven years after Shakespeare's death. Shakespeare might now be only a tradition if an obscure English printer had not been inspired to collect all the Shakespeare manuscripts and print them. The manuscripts themselves have disappeared.



PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

THE new President, Mr. Calvin Coolidge, is in appearance and temperament quite unlike the man whom he succeeds. He is moderately tall and slender, whereas Mr. Harding was of more than ordinary height and weight. He is a reticent and retiring man, who speaks seldom, and then sententiously, whereas Mr. Harding was conspicuous for his sociability, his geniality and his readiness of speech.

But there is one respect—apart from their adherence to the same political principles—in which the two men are alike. Both sprung from the people and made their way upward unaided by any influence of wealth or family. Mr. Harding was the son of a country doctor in Ohio; Mr. Coolidge is the son of a farmer who still lives upon his few acres among the hills of Vermont. Both "self-made" men in the best sense of that sometimes misused phrase, they owed their eminence to their own industry, tenacity and integrity.

Mr. Coolidge is by profession a lawyer, but he has always had the political instinct. He has passed from one political office to another, not because of any gifts of personal magnetism or any willingness to traffic in political favors, but because in every post, from that of a common councilman in the little city of Northampton to the governorship of the great state of Massachusetts, he disclosed quick intelligence, capacity, devotion to duty, moral courage and a quiet independence in thought and action. A modest man who lives simply and pays strict attention to the business that lies before him.

He becomes President under painful circumstances. He steps into the place of a man who had a peculiar hold upon the hearts of the people. But he has already won the esteem of the nation, and he will take up his heavy responsibilities with the friendly interest and the hearty good wishes of us all.



A CREATOR OF FOLK SONGS

THE dedication of the old Rowan house at Bardstown, Kentucky, as a memorial to Stephen Collins Foster, who there wrote one of his most beautiful songs, calls attention anew to the unique character of Foster's musical achievement. Almost every European country has its repository of folk songs, ballads or sentimental pieces, which everyone knows and sings from childhood. Most of them are of great antiquity, sprung from the very heart of the people, and the men who wrote them are long since forgotten. In their simple but effective melody they express the nature and the temperament of the nation that sings them, and they often form the basis on which later composers build up a more pretentious and more learned school of music.

The folk songs of America are almost all the work of one man, Stephen Collins Foster. Born in Pennsylvania nearly a hundred years ago, endowed with sure musical taste but equipped with little musical education, he wrote his songs with a frankly commercial motive and adapted most of them for the use of the negro minstrel companies that in the middle of the last century were the most successful of popular entertainers.

But simple, almost naive, as most of the songs are in melody and harmony, the touch of genius is to be felt in almost all of them. Run over the list of Foster's compositions and you will be surprised to see how many of the "songs that everyone knows" we owe to him. Old Folks at Home, Nellie Bly, Old Dog Tray, My Old Kentucky Home, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, Old Black Joe, Hard Times Come Again No More, O Susanna, Nellie Was a Lady—those and many more, widely popular in their day but now forgotten, are among the one hundred and seventy-five songs that he wrote during his short life. Some of the songs are as well assured of immortality as any tunes can be; they are part of our national

heritage of culture, and the simple beauty of their sentiment and their melody has made them familiar all over the world. The Swanee River is, to say the least of it, as significant a feature in the English-speaking people's country of romance as Burns's Bonnie Doon. The Old Kentucky Home is as firmly fixed in the affections of those same people as the Long Island cottage that inspired the famous lyric of John Howard Payne.

Stephen Foster died before he was forty. His contemporaries thought of him as a successful writer of negro ditties. But posterity has appreciated more truly the element of permanent beauty in his work. He was not among the greatest either of poets or of musicians, but he was one whose place is very close to the heart of humanity.



THE ILLUSION OF AGE

THERE is an illusion of youth and an illusion of age. To the young the past, whether their own or the world's, is of comparatively little account. Have they not the future before them, with its illimitable hope? Have they not all life before them, years and years and years, bright years, golden years, years that crowd and throng onward, shaking dreams and triumphs and blessings from the shadowy folds of their mysterious garments? The illusion of youth is that the future holds everything and can be made to yield anything by the wise, energetic, inexhaustible resources of man's character and will.

The illusion of age deals with the past. The time varies with different people, but we begin to grow old when we begin to look back rather than forward. Somehow we find ourselves dwelling on the days that have slipped away. What courage we had, what strength we had, what friends we had, what joy we had! So different from the life and the men and women and the world in general that we see about us now.

For the illusion of age is that the world is growing worse. People were better, life was better, simpler, easier, more honest, more sincere, when we were young. It is strange how this illusion tends to get hold of everybody. Even the wisest, even the best, sigh, and look back, and contrast the days of their youth with what they see in their age.

And it would seem that at least the natural benefit of this ought to come in an increased effort to make the world better, to do everything we can to overcome this inherent tendency to debasement. But it does not work so, and instead we are too ready to sit and mourn and tell the younger generation, which fortunately only mocks at us, how ill off it is from the mere fact of youth.

Fight this illusion of age, battle with it, overcome it in every possible way. Remember that the decay is in you, not in the world. You have lost the vigor of your muscles and of your spirit, the superb energy of hope. But the world is the same old, perplexing world, full of troubles and also of possibilities, that it always was. The past is well enough, so long as you learn from it. That is what it is for, and the more you have the more you can learn. But the future is what counts. The way to keep young is to live in it, to believe in it, and to help it.



COAL AGAIN

WE seem always to be discussing the coal problem. As Mark Twain said of the New England weather, everyone is continually finding fault with the coal situation, but nobody does anything about it. Is the establishment of a tolerable state of affairs in the coal business as far beyond human power as regulating the weather?

As we write, the conferences between the anthracite miners and mine owners have broken down, and the miners threaten another strike for September 1. It is not impossible that wiser second thought or the pressure of public opinion may bring the negotiators together again and avert what would be a serious calamity. No one really wants a strike, but the antagonism between employers and miners has become so stubborn that each party seems ready to bring one about rather than yield to the other on any essential point. It is on the question of the mine owners' recognizing the union organization, and particularly the extraordinary demand that the operators shall collect the union dues by withholding the necessary sums from the pay envelopes of

the men and handing them over to the union officials, that agreement has so far proved impossible. There is also a demand for more wages, but probably that would not long delay a settlement. The public has proved so docile under the continual increase of every sort of price burden that employers no longer hesitate to increase their wage accounts for fear that their customers will not shoulder the load. It is the fight of the labor unions for monopoly underground to match the monopoly of the mine owners in the markets that agitates the industry today.

There is a good prospect that even under the worst conditions people who are used to burning anthracite can get enough soft coal to meet their immediate needs. Fortunately, the agreement in the bituminous industry does not expire at the same time with the anthracite agreement. There will be the annoyance of burning unfamiliar fuel bought at high prices and used in furnaces not constructed for it, but there will probably be no actual coal famine.

Our public men have long dallied with the coal situation, partly because none of them have any clear idea what to do and partly because all of them fear the political results of doing anything; but the responsibility must soon be faced. Whether there is a strike in the anthracite field this year and in the bituminous field next year or not, something must be done to introduce order and reasonableness into an essential industry that is in perpetual confusion. The Coal Commission has made some sensible reports; we know what those intelligent and unprejudiced men find the conditions to be. If, as it appears, there is not sufficient ability and good will among miners and operators to organize production peacefully and economically, we shall have to turn to the desperate remedy of state interference and control. It is certainly an indictment of our intelligence that so necessary a commodity as coal should be obtainable only on sufferance, sometimes not at all, and always at prices that lay an irritating burden alike on industry and on the home.



THE MELTING POT

IT was Israel Zangwill, was it not, who first called the United States the "melting pot"? To him this country was the vast, bubbling receptacle into which the peoples of the earth were being poured, to fuse into a new race, the epitome of all mankind—the American. The picturesque idea caught the popular fancy; the phrase has been diligently tossed about for twenty years; public speakers and editorial writers have worn it threadbare.

Observe, however, that it was not originated by a native American but by a British subject, who is a Jew by descent. It is not probable that Americans in using the phrase ever interpreted it as Mr. Zangwill himself would have interpreted it. Certainly if they ever did they have ceased to do so. "Americanization" movements and restrictive immigration laws are the proof of that. Those are not the fruits of simple faith in the virtues of a melting pot.

To the immigrant or to the foreign observer the United States appears as a great experiment in race fusion. Into it they see streams of population pouring of the utmost diversity. Out of it they expect in time to get a new type of man, not an Anglo-Saxon, or an Irishman, or a German, or a Jew, or a Slav, or an Italian, but a being that partakes more or less of each of those most unlike elements, or else a being that, like a chemical compound, is astonishingly different in every respect from every component that has entered into him. That is not the way the native American likes to think of the national melting pot. He expects the various peoples that are floating about therein to be changed, not into a new and unfamiliar type of man, but into a close imitation of an "old-fashioned American," with the historical traditions, the political ideas and the social practices of those long-settled citizens whose great-grandfathers fought in the Revolution. For a number of years we all had a childlike confidence that such was the manner in which the melting pot was going to do its work.

Events have convinced us of our mistake, and our new immigration laws are a transparent attempt to keep out of the pot as much as we can of those elements that seem likely to modify—unfavorably as we think—the type that we like to call American. The

instinct on which we act is probably a sound one; certainly it is a natural one. Like the years when the Roman Empire was slipping downward, this is an era of great shifting and wandering among mankind, and there is likely to be more restlessness and a more persistent migration in the future than even in the recent past. If we value the kind of government and the kind of culture that we have established here, we shall have to protect both of them against a flood of people to whom both are unfamiliar and to some of whom they are repugnant.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

In September

The September stories and articles offer an unusually wide variety in scene and subject. The list includes the following:

THE MAINE WOODS

Arthur G. Staples contributes the northeastern corner of the "Four Corners" series.

GUARDING OUR COASTS IN PEACE

An informing article by Charles A. McAllister of the American Bureau of Shipping.

FOOTBALL

Once famous as a player, Donald Grant Herring writes from experience and observation.

THE LOST MINE

One of Edwin Cole's amusing and thrilling stories of the Mexican border.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S SIGNET

THE UNION BEADS

The third and fourth of Gertrude West's Jewel Box tales of the Missouri country.

THE WILD RIDE OF PETER

MacEwen

A story of Utah, the railway and two friends who had never met.

THE WINNING PETITION

Lily Wandel has told a story of factory life that holds the interest closely.

THE ROOKIE

This story of the aviation field is crammed with thrills. Mather Brooks wrote it.

WHEN THE MOON FELL

C. A. Stephens is at his delightful best in this story of the Old Home Farm.

Arthur Stanwood Pier's serial, RALPH ILLINSON, will continue its interesting way through the month; an adventure serial, PRECIOUS PLATINUM, by C. A. Stephens, will begin; and the Historic Milestone cover will have for its subject

THE DISCOVERY OF WISCONSIN

THE BUSINESS OF TEACHING

TEACHING is the most universal of the professions. Nearly everyone, at some time or other, has to act in the capacity of teacher; comparatively few persons except those specially trained have to act in the capacity of lawyer or doctor or minister. So it is important that everyone should try to acquire some of the simple rudiments of the art of teaching.

First of all it is necessary to have a friendly approach to both pupil and subject. The "boss" or the foreman who takes the new employee in hand and in a friendly, interested manner instructs him in the work that he is to perform will get good results; the boss who scowls at the novice, resents his greenness and shows that he himself is tired and disgusted at the idea of having to tell a new hand what to do is sure to be a poor teacher. And enthusiasm about the value of the work to be performed and the interest to be found in doing it is sure to be contagious; the diffident and doubting apprentice can be roused to efficient labor if he has an instructor who is full of zeal and confidence.

Impatience is the failing of most persons who are not brought up to the business of teaching and who find themselves temporarily or incidentally required to act as teachers. The very fact that they are not accustomed to spend day after day watching and helping pupils in the struggle to acquire knowledge makes them fail to realize how slow for the ordinary person the process of learning anything is. They become too much aware of the other things besides teaching that they themselves ought to do or want to do, and often in their irritation they resort

to sharp reproof or to sneers and sarcasm—methods of stimulating the pupil that the good teacher adopts but sparingly and only at times of special stress.

The ability to teach successfully may usually be taken as the measure of a person's unselfishness.



CURRENT EVENTS

THE address that President Harding was to have delivered in San Francisco on July 31 was given out to the press by his secretary on that date. It was concerned mainly with a review of the international achievements of the Administration, and it urged American support of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The President declared that he should be glad to submit all controversies in which we are concerned to the court as it sits today, but that he was ready to accept adherence to such a tribunal in whatever form it might be constituted, and that therefore he had advocated reconstructing the machinery of the court if that were necessary in order to win American participation.

SENATOR UNDERWOOD in a speech to the Alabama Legislature expressed his willingness to be the Presidential candidate of his party. He declared that, although he had opposed the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead Act, he stood for rigid enforcement of what is now the law of the land; and he expressed the hope that the Democratic convention would pledge the party, if successful in the elections, "to take our place in international affairs."

AT the Institute of Politics, at Williams-town, Massachusetts, Mr. Bakhmeteff, former Russian ambassador to the United States, predicted the ultimate fall of the soviet government. He based his prediction on the fact that the communists are waging a losing fight against the growing demand of the peasants for individualism and ownership of their lands. He looked forward to a new Russia in which individualism and equality of opportunity, operating as they do in the United States, would bring prosperity and happiness. Social revenge has run its course, he thinks; and the peasant is becoming an independent farmer.

THE Federal Reserve Board announces that ample credit to meet this year's seasonal requirements of the farmers of the country is assured, but it emphasizes in its report the fact that "credit cannot make a market where none exists." It points out that the rate of return to the farmer, which has been proportionally less than the rate of his expenditure for the commodities he requires, has been the direct outcome of the world supply and the world demand. For the ultimate consumer in the United States the result of relatively low food prices has been to increase the margin available for other commodities. Thus the selling price of the farmer's products has been out of line with the prices of the things he buys.

CANADA, troubled by a shortage of labor, is making plans to promote the immigration of a million youths from Great Britain, who are now suffering from unemployment. Montreal will be the distributing centre. An effort will be made to put the young immigrants on Canadian farms.

JEAN VIGOROUX, formerly New York manager for a well-known Parisian antiquarian and art dealer who now has had him put on trial on charge of diverting funds and art treasures, declared in the course of the trial that the United States is full of antique art fakes, that the Metropolitan Museum in New York had bought \$600,000 worth of spurious objects, and that his former employer is the world's greatest antique faker.

CAPT. E. T. Pollock, governor of American Samoa, reports the finding of a turtle that had been left in the Tonga Islands by Capt. James Cook in 1773. According to Captain Pollock's report, the turtle exhibited signs of extreme age; it was blind and when walking creaked like an oxcart.



The initials of a friend

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

To Earn More Money

THIS will not interest you if your present earnings are sufficient. But if you need more money, we have a plan by which you can add \$5.00 to \$50.00 or more to your monthly income in your spare time and without interfering in the slightest with your regular work.

Accountants, teachers, bank clerks, ministers, office clerks, housewives—men and women in every walk of life are today making extra money representing The Youth's Companion. The work is pleasant, dignified, highly profitable, and requires no previous experience.

Send the Coupon
TODAY

Name _____
Address _____

Dear Sir. More money would be very acceptable. Without obligation, send me your plan.

236
Secretary
The Winners'
Club, The Youth's
Companion, Boston,
Mass.

EPWORTH
MILITARY ACADEMY
EPWORTH, I.A.
(near Dubuque) 6 to 21.

For boys
Established 1887; Methodist.
Christian Ideals.
Essentially Military; fully accredited.
Upper and Lower Schools; separate halls.
All Athletics.
Enrollment limited; apply early to
Colonel F. Q. Brown, D. D., President

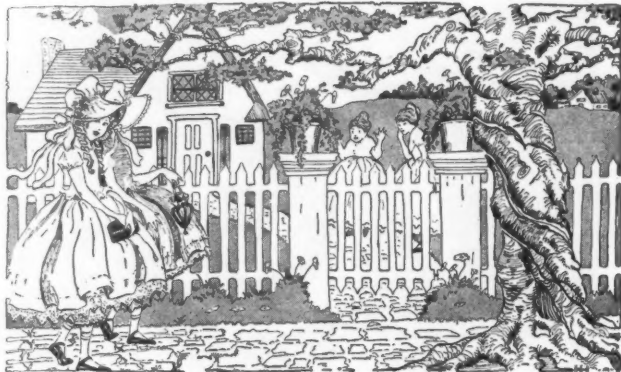
Cuticura Talcum
is Fragrant and
Very Healthful

Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7,
Malden, Mass. 25c. everywhere.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Shopping Trip

Verse and Drawing by
Margaret W. Hallock



I
Annie and Fannie went shopping one day,
As happy as two larks together.
They wore their blue frocks and their bonnets so gay,
And they carried with care each step of the way
Their purses of shiny new leather.

II
They tripped along so demure and so neat;
They looked at each flower and bird;
And everyone said, "Oh, don't they look sweet!"
The little maids blushed and looked at their feet
And pretended they heard not a word.

III
They came to the shop, and what did they see
To buy on that bright day in fall?
Apples or candy or sweet cakes for tea?
Their purses were empty as empty could be,
And so—they bought nothing at all.

IV
They turned to go home up the shady wide street,
As happy as two larks together;
The neighbors admired their dresses so neat
And thought that their bonnets were dainty and sweet
And loved their bright purses of leather.

V
And now, my dears, it is quite plain to you
(Though some may think this rather funny),
If you have a pocketbook, shiny and new,
A pretty blue dress and a new bonnet too,
Shopping's just as much fun without money!

THE POLITE DOG

By Frances Margaret Fox

THE dog lived in the Colorado mountains long, long ago. He was an old dog, black as coal except that his tail had a white tip. He had been named Tip because of that one white spot.

Perhaps when he was young Tip was gay and lively, but the children who loved him because he was their lifelong friend couldn't remember that time.

He was a thoughtful, gentle old fellow whose manners were perfect. He seemed to be always thinking noble thoughts and looked and behaved as if he couldn't do anything that wasn't exactly right and proper. If the children were rude, Tip looked as if he were ashamed of them; if they said words that they wouldn't say before their mother, Tip appeared to be grieved.

He was so good that sometimes he was funny. Once when a little boy who lived near by was ill and Tip went to call on him, the dog made the little boy laugh because he looked so solemn and stepped so high. Eleanor laughed too; she went with him that day because Tip was her dog.

Before school began at the end of one happy summer Eleanor had a big lawn party and invited all her friends. Tip must have been astonished to see so many children playing with his Eleanor, but he was polite to them all. Of course he didn't romp and play. He simply walked about like a fine old gentleman who wishes all young creatures to have a good time. He did wish that.

He was so polite that when it was time to

eat ice cream and cake under the trees on the lawn he kept out of the way. Tip wouldn't even look at the cake when it was passed, because he had such fine manners. He sat on the porch and gazed off toward the high mountains.

Eleanor knew that Tip liked cake, and, seeing how he was conducting himself, she boasted a little about him. She said, "I don't believe he would touch a piece of cake unless we invited him to have some, not even if we should leave a plate piled full on the steps right under his nose and should all go away. He's the best old dog in Colorado!"

The next minute something happened that made the children laugh. A little boy had left his empty ice-cream dish on the steps, and when the house cat's white kitten came along and licked the dish Tip said, "Woof!" and got up and walked away.

Said the little girl who had laughed first, "I suppose he said, 'What bad manners!'"

"The baby kitten didn't know any better," another little girl piped in. "Just because old Tip can't do wrong himself he thinks everybody else in the world ought to be perfect."

"See him go," added a little boy. "I suppose he is thinking, 'when I was a puppy,' and about how good he was when he was a puppy, and such things. He's coming this way."

Half an hour later when the party was over and the children were standing about the gate ready to go there came walking toward them a strange-looking animal. The queer beast was wagging his tail in a friendly fashion and acting as if he knew them all.

It was Tip, behaving like a fine gentleman who wished to say good-by to Eleanor's little guests and ask them to come again, but he did not look in the least like a fine old gentleman. He looked so funny that, to tell the truth, the children didn't know him at first. They gazed at him in wonder and then all of them began to laugh.

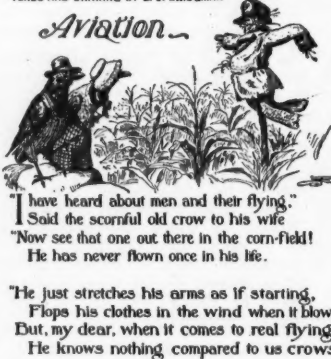
"Why, dear me!" Eleanor exclaimed. "It is Tip, and he has been in the ice-cream freezer, head, ears and shoulders! Why, Tip, you—old sinner!"

The children laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks at Tip. His face, his ears, his neck, his very shoulders were covered with ice cream, and he was looking all the while as if he had never done wrong in his life—never!

The children shouted at the dog; they laughed at him; they teased him until the poor old fellow didn't know which way to turn or what to do. He didn't know how he looked, but of course he knew what he had done when the ice-cream freezer was left uncovered, and, even if he wasn't sorry, he was certainly ashamed.

As for Eleanor, she forgave her dog of course and loved him just the same, but to this day whenever she hears anyone say that verse from the Bible, "Be sure your sin

VERSE AND DRAWING BY L. J. BRIDGMAN



"I have heard about men and their flying,"
Said the scornful old crow to his wife
"Now see that one out there in the corn-field!
He has never flown once in his life."

"He just stretches his arms as if starting,
Flops his clothes in the wind when it blows,
But, my dear, when it comes to real flying
He knows nothing compared to us crows!"

will find you out," she thinks about Tip and how he looked with his head and ears covered with ice cream, and it makes her smile.

THE HOOP RACE

By Mary A. Bowers

DORIS was sitting on the fence, looking at her doll carriage where Rosalind's head was peeping from the covers.

"It's too bad; it's too bad!" and Doris shook her head. "I don't see how you can go to the garden party without a party dress."

Suddenly she heard three "hoo-hoos," and looking down the road, she saw three playmates. They were laughing gayly and rolling their hoops.

"All ready for the party this afternoon?" they asked.

Doris shook her head. "No," she said.

"What is the matter?"

"Something very strange has happened. I was sewing some little blue ribbons on Rosalind's party dress here in the yard when mother called me. I put down my sewing and ran into the house. When I came back the dress had disappeared."

"Oh!" they exclaimed.

"My Linda doll has two party dresses," said Elsie. "Rosalind may have her choice."

Doris looked at her doll carriage and thought how disappointed Rosalind would be if she didn't go to the party. "Thank you," she said at last, but she had to choke back a sob, for she had counted so much on Rosalind's wearing the new dress.

"Now come," pleaded Elsie. "Get your hoop, for we are to have a race. And to make it more exciting we are going to take different paths from the starting point back to the finish at my house. Mother has some new cookies and cold milk waiting for us. Don't you think that that will be fun?"

"But you forgot the best part of it," said

Barbara. "Each of us is to take something back that has attracted her on the way. It may be an apple or a flower or anything."

"Yes, and the one that brings back the best thing gets a gingerbread man," added Elsie.

Doris ran for her hoop. "There's no use sulking about Rosalind's dress," she said to herself, and when she joined her little friends her face was as pleasant and smiling as it could be.

"Now all get in line," ordered Elsie. "You take the path that leads over the brook, Janie. You, Barbara, go down the mill road; and you, Doris, go in the direction of the saw-mill. I shall go this way," and she pointed. "Now—ready—go!"

Laughing and waving at one another, they separated.

It was pleasant to Doris to hear her hoop humming over the path. There were many pretty things to notice: the trees, with branches bent so low that she could easily have picked their leaves; pretty flowers that nodded gayly and sparkling stones. Doris couldn't decide just what she wanted to take back.

Whir-r-r, whir-r-r went the hoop; tap, tap went the hoopstick. Oh, what fun, and how fast Doris went! Up a hill, down a hill; then she came to the road that led near the saw-mill. She slowed down a little because there was a cart ahead filled with brush and small trees.

The cart came to a standstill; so did Doris.

She had found nothing to take back from the race. Then she glanced at the cart; she stared, for there in one of the little trees was her prize. She picked it up and started on her way again.

Whir-r-r, whir-r-r, tap, tap, the hoop and Doris hurried on to Elsie's house.

The three other little girls had arrived and were waiting for her. "Hurry, hurry!" they said. "We are going to have cookies now and then show our prizes," said Elsie.

Doris threw down her hoop and danced about. She hugged each little girl in turn. "Oh, oh, I can't wait. I must show you mine right now," and she held up a little white dress with blue ribbons.

"Why, Doris!" they exclaimed.

"It is Rosalind's party dress," and Doris told the others where she had found it. "I remember now that the cart turned in at the gate just as my mother called me, and some of the branches must have picked up the dress."

How they all laughed! Then they agreed that Doris had rightfully won the gingerbread man. It was the best prize found in the hoop race because it made everybody happy.

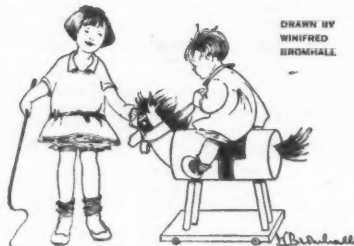
VERSE AND DRAWING BY VERA GRIBIER MCCULLY



I AM A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL:
I BOW TO YOU JUST SO;
AND WHEN I WISH TO SAY
"GOOD DAY"
I SAY IT "NI HOW MO."

PRANCER

By Nancy Byrd Turner



Prancer is a splendid horse,
And still he's pretty pranky.
He balked with baby yesterday
And really was too cranky.

I smoothed and coaxed, I pulled
And tugged,
I cracked the whip above him.
He merely planted all his hoofs,
And nothing seemed to move him—

Until I brought a sugar lump.
Heigh-ho, that was the answer!
With tossing mane and sweeping tail
Away, away went Prancer.

THE ANCHOR

By Harold Willard Gleason



Here on the wharf I lie, idle and rusting,
 Scored with the scars of strife,
 Wars that to win meant life;
 Many a sailor's wife
 Gave, all unknowing, her heart to my trusting.
 Ofttimes the restless sea breezes sweep o'er me,
 In a familiar tongue
 Singing the days I swung
 From a stanch vessel slung,
 Blue sky above and wide waters before me.
 Many a mighty ship peacefully riding
 Held I nor counted cost;
 Fog-wrapped or tempest-tossed,
 Never my grip I lost,
 Never broke faith with my charges confiding.
 Here on the wharf I lie, home from the ocean,
 Never to plunge again,
 Bearing my sturdy chain,
 Down through the yeasty main—
 Symbol unsullied of faith and devotion.

IRISH JOE

SOMEHOW you could not help liking Joe, witty, musical, gallant chap that he was; his depth of character and his breadth of vision drew men to him. The men counted themselves fortunate in having him with them in their seminary club, for somehow he pulled them all up to a higher standard of living. They were not astonished when he went overseas among the first Americans to enter the Great War—no, even though he had completed only two years of his theological course. It was not long before they were hearing of his narrow escapes as he drove his ambulance out to pick up the wounded. When the government took over the ambulance service Joe returned home for a little rest. He had had some terrible experiences, and his classmates were glad that he was coming home. Somehow, though, it was a different Joe that returned from France. He seemed to have lost his old-time vivacity and spirit of fun. Often he would say scarcely a word during the course of a meal. He finished his seminary course and then went out to Africa as a foreign missionary.

Since entering upon his new field of adventure Joe seems to have become his old self. He has caught a great vision of service out there in the Dark Continent. Writing back home, he makes this appeal:

"We are anxious to see the home church empty her brawn and sinew into this land. We want some of the sterling stuff that has come home from the war with blood running high and faces alight with high resolve. Some of those officers who commanded men we'd like to see commanding in the war against evil here. Some of those men who know French mud and American camp mud we'd like to see decked with the ooze of the African trail. Some of those young doctors who thought little of their 'private practice' while the fight was on we'd like to see out here, where the nearest real doctor is seventy miles away—a three days' journey."

It is the same Joe who puts his heart into the appeal for recruits in the eternal battle with ignorance and sin that offered to spill his blood upon the fields of France for the sake of humanity.

THE BORROWER

JUDITH'S door opened cautiously, and Sarah Fell stood apologetically in the doorway. How pretty she was with her golden hair and her arms full of jade crepe de Chine! "Oh, you're studying!" she exclaimed. "I won't interrupt you but a moment. I just wanted to ask you which you'd have this made up with if you were I, silver or black? Or would you use both?"

"Prue said silver, Connie said black, and Mary said both," observed Judith dryly. "Sarah, don't you ever get tired of borrowing?"

"Of borrowing! Why, Judy, I never borrowed a cent in my life!"

"I'm not talking about money. Why don't you decide something for yourself? Really it's heaps more fun. Oh, you're a wheedler, and it's awfully hard to resist you, but somebody's got to do it for your own good. So I decline to answer your question."

"Why, Judith!" Sarah exclaimed.

"I mean it. We're all in a conspiracy to help you rob yourself, but I'm going to get out. Try standing on your own feet, Sarah, and see how good it feels!"

"But Professor Baker said one of the requisites of success is willingness to learn from others!" Sarah exclaimed triumphantly.

"I know he did. But that doesn't mean you should go round borrowing other people's brains to avoid using your own," Judith retorted.

"Nonsense!" Sarah replied lightly. "Go back to your old calculus. If my gown is spoiled, it will be your fault!"

A week later Sarah was summoned to the dean's office. "Miss Fell," the dean said, "I am afraid your report is going to be a shock to you this term, so I called you in to talk it over with you."

She waited till Sarah, white of face, had read the card twice. Then, "Do you understand?" the dean asked.

The girl shook her head.

"It is because you are trying to live upon borrowed capital. We could not be sure of it at first, so we waited, giving you the benefit of every doubt. Think it over. How many papers have you written, how many problems have you solved, how many even unimportant things have you decided without help from others?"

"Why, I—I didn't suppose—I thought—" Suddenly as in a dream Sarah saw Judith's clear eyes challenging her and heard Judith's voice: "Try standing on your own feet, Sarah, and see how good it feels!"

THE END OF OLD MIKE

OLD Mike was a gigantic Texas steer. He was gaunt and bony, one ear hung in fragments and one eye socket was empty, and altogether he was a fearsome object. His height, says a writer in Outdoor Life, was estimated at eighteen hands, and everyone agreed that his weight, whatever it was, was a sum total of concentrated devilry. Back from the river valley on a desert of sand and alkali that no one except an occasional wandering trapper visited the steer had found refuge near a water hole whence he sallied forth at intervals to plunder the countryside. Many a school-teacher has kept her pupils indoors till a ranch hand should come with a shotgun to drive off the bovine bandit. Many a farmer has spent a day marooned in a tree while Mike bellowed threats underneath. So long had the steer been a pest of the neighborhood that the county grange offered a purse of fifty dollars to the person who would cut short his ugly career.

One evening Mr. Jones, a farmer, went to his pigpen with a pail of provender. Mrs. Jones was feeding her chickens; the girls were just entering the house, and the younger boy, Fred, was placing a basket of corn cobs near the kitchen stove, when a deep bellow rang out, followed by a scream and the squawking of chickens. A leap to the door and the boy saw the impending tragedy. Old Mike was there!

Fred's mother had sought refuge in the chicken house and had pulled the door shut; his brother Jim was in the barn, and the girls were in the house. But his father had jumped over the low and flimsy fence of the pigpen and was standing ankle-deep in mire while Mike raged outside.

After one glance at the puny fence, which old Mike could easily break, Fred turned and ran up the stairs to the attic, where an old army rifle that he and his brother had bought lay hidden. Loading it, he flung up the window. A thrilling scene met his glance. His father had shrunk into one corner of the pen, and old Mike was charging at the flimsy fence; his tail was erect, and his eye was gleaming. Fred knelt, aimed and pressed the trigger; the army rifle roared. The recoil laid the boy flat on his back. As the muzzle kicked upward the pane of glass above his head crashed.

Hastily regaining his knees and reloading, he looked out of the window. With legs spread wide apart, head down and blood gushing from his chest stood old Mike; and from his throat came a moan of defeat, the first that anyone had heard him utter. Slowly the big brute turned toward the west. Up the little knoll he staggered. At the crest he paused, swaying, and just as the boy appeared to aim again down to his knees, then to the earth, went old Mike, dead.



Through the roof

THE GREAT DISILLUSION

DISILLUSION, alas! comes to all of us. My first disillusion, says Mr. Arthur Porritt in the Best I Remember, came when I was a boy of nine years, and every detail is burned upon my memory.

At my day school in a Lancashire town the boys had a mad craze one year for a particular form of sweets. All our pocket money went on a sort of sherbet, which we ate dry with a spoon, and which we called "kali." It was sold in little flat wooden boxes, and there were several varieties, lemon, orange, pineapple, and so forth. Opinions varied sharply as to the merits of the various kinds. One boy praised lemon kali; another cared for nothing except orange; and a third vowed that all other varieties of the sweet were simply uneatable compared with pineapple kali. We quarreled and almost came to blows over the relative merits of the flavors. We formed groups of orange kali boys and felt bitterly toward the avowed champions of lemon and pineapple kali. In fact we boys blindly elevated the kalis into real party issues.

Now the summer holidays came while our

differences of opinion were at a height, and I went to visit relatives in an East Lancashire town. While there I had the supreme joy of being taken over the factory where the kalis were made. On my round I entered a room where four girls in white overalls were filling the familiar flat wooden boxes, which were already labeled; there was a mountainous pile of the toothsome powder on a huge round table. I looked at the boxes; they bore colored labels, yellow for lemon kali, red for orange kali and green for pineapple kali. But all the boxes were being filled from the same pile! Aghast, I asked one of the girls if a horrible mistake was not being made. "Aren't you putting orange kali into a lemon kali box?" I asked in a tone that must have sounded horror-struck.

"Oh, no," she replied; "there's no difference in the kali; the difference is only in the labels on the boxes."

I left the factory, a sadly disillusioned boy.

SOCIALIST ABORIGINES

AFTER almost two years in the Caribbean Sea among the primitive tribes of Panama the naturalist and explorer Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges has returned to England. He visited, says the London Times, every village and island of the San Blas coast and penetrated the little-known Chucunagua country. He describes the San Blas Indians as an extraordinary people and as pure in breed.

They live, he says, a socialistic kind of life. One man grows bananas; another grows plantains, and a third grows coconuts. They exchange their produce. If a house is to be built, all the men, including the chief, share in the work. They suffer badly, however, with smallpox, and their eyes are affected by a tick that gets under the lids.

I believe no white person before myself ever entered the Chucunagua country. The people are about four feet three inches in height, and the women wear nose rings. They are all simple and honest; they do not use money, and they have no steel weapons. They have very big heads, very broad shoulders and are mostly bow-legged. The women seem to be the superior sex. The chief food is a kind of corn, plantains and bananas, which are cooked unripe. They eat no flesh. I did not see a four-legged creature in the country. They like fish, however; and they have a dish of pineapples, pears and other things, which are all boiled together in a common pot.

The Indians make idols of wood, and each tribe has its own special god. The people believe that when they die they enter a canoe and that their spirit guides them until the river divides into many streams. The spirit then points to the stream they are to follow, and they are led to a comfortable hut in a happy land.

For burial the dead body is placed in a hammock and carried to a grave house, a thatched structure two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide. When the hammock has been placed in a hole a vine is put down into the hole so that the spirit can come out at night. The dead man's stool and the utensils from which he ate are placed near by; they believe that the spirit comes forth to sit on the stool and talk with other spirits.

THE PROPRIETOR'S PROBLEM

THE proprietor of a lodging house at Yosemite, California, decided that he must add more rooms to his hostelry. But right where he wanted to make the addition stood a big tree. To cut it down would be costly and, since the village is small and thickly settled, dangerous. Our picture shows how he solved the problem; he built the addition round the tree.

HER PASSPORT

THE burning of Smyrna was a scene so full of horror and heartbreak that it is almost a surprise, certainly a relief, to find such elements of tender comedy relieving its grimness as Mr. Mark O. Prentiss relates in the Kansas City Star in a recent account of the rescue work of the American marines and sailors. Babies and old ladies, he says, were their special care. They carried babies as if it were part of their regular job; and at one time they did more—they caught them; for frenzied mothers, jammed in the crowd against the gates at the head of the pier, actually took to flinging their children across to safety. It seemed impossible to stop the performance; so several "gobs" applied baseball technique to the situation.

"All right, old dame," they would yell when they saw a mother preparing to throw her baby. "Put 'er here! Right over to centre field—over the fence is out! Attaboy!"

A special baby-catching detail, unofficially assigned, was kept busy catching children for a good part of each day that the jam lasted.

One day an old woman forced her way

through the crowd round the consulate. She waved over her head a small piece of cardboard. "Hei-di! Hei-di! (Go on! Go on!)" she ordered the other refugees, and they said the same thing to her. A sailor repeated the crowd's "Hei-di! Hei-di!" and asked what she meant by forcing herself forward.

She pushed her piece of cardboard under his nose—the thing seemed to be a very old and very dirty photograph—and replied in what appeared to be her one word of English: "Boy, boy!"

He handed the photograph to the nearest petty officer; the officer called for an interpreter, and in short order the old woman was assuring everyone piously and with much emotion that the picture represented her son, an American. She insisted that he had served with the American navy some years before and was now in America. "He's got the uniform anyway," some one remarked. "And the uniform's enough for us! Come on, old girl, this way!"

They gave her a guard of honor down to the pier, saw her aboard a boat, made sure that she would have all that she needed of food and then left her pouring forth blessings on all the sailors in the American navy and repeating with various intonations of joy and thanksgiving her one English word, "Boy, boy, boy!"

"How do you know she didn't just find that picture somewhere?" I asked one of the sailors who had been looking after her as if she were his own mother.

"Aw, hei-di," replied the man. "The kid in that picture had on a uniform just like mine, get that? What else would we do?"

It probably was quite unofficial, but the fact remains that that picture was the most effective passport I ever saw vised.

JOCKEYING THE MASTER OF HORSE

QUEEN VICTORIA figures in an entertaining story that the Marquise de Fontenay tells in a New York newspaper. The queen disliked her Master of Horse, a former Earl of Albemarle, whose appointment to office her ministry had forced upon her. The earl therefore took a malicious pleasure in asserting his prerogative to ride with her in the state carriage on all official occasions. The queen complained to the Duke of Wellington, who was then her adviser.

The Iron Duke, says the Marquise, extricated her from the difficulty in an amusing and characteristic manner. In a letter, which is still in existence, he pointed out to the queen that, although Lord Albemarle as Master of Horse had an undoubted right to ride in the royal carriage on all state occasions, there was no law, written or unwritten, that specified the place he was to occupy. It was quite within Her Majesty's power to assign him a place on the footboard behind or alongside the footmen or, if a semistate carriage were used, in the rumble.

Accordingly the Earl of Albemarle received a warning in the name of the queen that, if he insisted on asserting his prerogative of riding with her, he would have to take his place with the footmen. The result was that Queen Victoria was never again troubled about the matter.

HOW MARIE HELPED

UNSELFISH mothers too often make or permit their daughters to be selfish, more's the pity. One such mother, according to a story that Mr. Booth Tarkington, the novelist, likes to tell, was bending industriously over the washtub when a neighbor said to her, "Hard at it as usual, ain't ye?"

"Yes," replied the mother cheerfully. "Yes, this is wash day, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, and washin' for eleven don't leave you with much spare time on your hands."

"Is that Marie I hear singin' to the ukulele in the parlor?"

Marie by the way was in infancy christened Mary and in early youth was always known as Mollie.

"Yes, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, that's her. The help she is to me! O dear! O dear! I don't know how I'd get along without that girl! Every Monday morning she gets out the ukulele or opens up the piano, and while I'm scrubbin' the clothes she sings the nicest, cheerin'est pieces, like Mother's Day, or Dear Mother, in Dreams I See You, or Lighten Mother's Tasks with Love, and the work just rolls off like play. I tell you, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, there ain't many girls like our Marie."

NOT WILLING TO COMMIT HIMSELF

THE art of writing something that shall seem to be an answer without actually being one is not unknown among the school-going youth of this land. One boy who was a ready practitioner of the art was faced with the difficult question, "Which was the greater general, Caesar or Hannibal?"

The boy, after some thought, produced this: "When we consider the times in which these great generals lived, the conditions under which they struggled, the people over whom they ruled, and the difficulties under which they fought, we are compelled to answer in the affirmative."

Wesley Barry discovers there's no pencil like the Ingersoll



Wesley Barry
starring in
WARNER BROS.
Classic of the Screen
"The Country Kid"
and
"The Printer's Devil"
uses an
Ingersoll Redipoint
Pencil



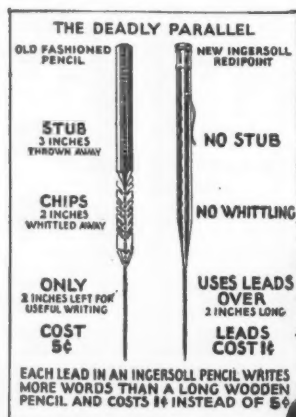
INGERSOLL—the Student's Featherweight pencil—50¢ and up

Your pencil is your principal working tool.

If you want to know about the newest, simplest and best in pencils just look at the advantages to be had only in the Ingersoll Pencil which Wesley Barry is illustrating in his "movie" on this page.

Then go to the nearest store showing "Freckles" and his Ingersoll Pencil chum in the window and ask to be shown why the very simplicity of the Ingersoll makes it cost less and at the same time makes it the most genuinely practical, always-on-the-job pencil there is.

You'll notice the up-and-coming fellows in Pullmans, offices and high schools carry the Ingersoll with its push-back point, because with them there's no time lost digging the lead out of the wood with a knife, no washing smudged fingers, no soiled papers or clothing, no missing a thought on account of a broken lead. Show Dad the Deadly Parallel diagram below and he will realize that it is less expensive by the year to give you an Ingersoll pencil with its double length leads so that you need only change leads at 1 cent each instead of buying a new pencil for every two inches of lead used.



1. How Wesley learns that the old wooden pencil he has always used is as far behind the times as the horse car.



MODELS:—The Featherweight Half-Dollar Ingersoll made of aluminum, engraved to give easy cant-slip grip, has exactly the same inside mechanism and quality as the silver and gold Ingersoll. Complete with clip or ring, eraser and extra leads. Long or short models 50¢.

The Dollar Ingersoll in rolled silver plate is a regular \$1.75 value. Beautifully engine turned. Long, medium or short \$1.00.

The Junior—a beauty for girls, 50¢ to \$2.00. Ingersoll Checker with thick colored crayons 75¢. Other Ingersolls in sterling and rolled gold, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, and \$5.00. Leads sold wherever Ingersoll pencils are sold, double lengths, 10 for 10¢. Indelible Leads, double length, 10 for 20¢. Also thin colored leads for all Ingersolls.

Ask for your Ingersoll in its box with red and white freckles, complete with instruction sheet.

Sent Postpaid if not sold locally. Write for "Outline of history written with an Ingersoll Pencil," free to students.

SPECIAL WESLEY BARRY SCHOOL MATINEE AND CONTEST
"Freckles" will shortly appear in a special school matinee of "The Country Kid," a Warner Brothers screen classic, at which pencil stubs will count, instead of money, for admission. Many theatres will participate. A contest for students, with Ingersoll Pencils as prizes will be included. Ask at the Moving Picture Theatre for the matinee date and start collecting your pencil stubs now. Business offices will give you their old stubs if you show them the "Deadly Parallel" diagram.

INGERSOLL REDIPOINT CO., INC.
1378 QUALITY PARK, ST. PAUL, MINN.
NEW YORK CITY SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

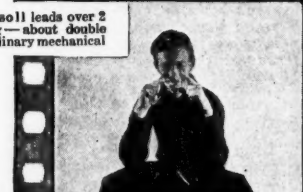
11. Watch for Wesley and his Ingersoll chum in the store windows.



2. Reloads with a pull and push—no long winded turning.



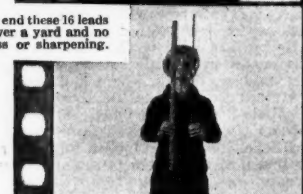
3. Ingersoll leads over 2 inches long—about double those of ordinary mechanical pencils.



4. Space for 15 extra leads—which will write more words than 16 long wood pencils.



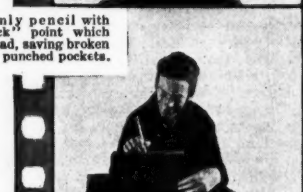
5. End to end these 16 leads measure over a yard and no stubs, muss or sharpening.



6. Wesley says, "She turns out and in. Why want a flyver that wouldn't back up?"



7. The only pencil with "push back" point which sheathes lead, saving broken points and punched pockets.



8. Freckle Face chucks the old wooden pencil and gets down to date with an Ingersoll.



9. "Some pencil, Mr. Ingersoll."



10. Off to school with the pride of the pencil world.

